the weekly
Standard
NOVEMBER 22, 2004
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TOM WOLFE'S CHARLOTTE
JOSEPH BOTTUM

The End of Arafat

Mario Loyola Tom Rose Robert Satloff

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The evolving responsibility of business to reflect society

by the parent company of Kraft Foods, Philip Morris International and Philip Morris USA

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the weekly Standard

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Rove's Secret Weapon: Stupid People

Disappointed Democrats have had two weeks to argue about what went wrong for John Kerry on November 2. And they've had any number of plausible theories to choose from: Too many religious conservatives came out for President Bush; too few young people came out for Kerry; and so on. But none among the most commonly circulating postmortems has yet won an enthusiastic Democratic embrace.

Except, that is, for this one: George W. Bush won reelection because . . . well, because there are just too many damn *dumb* people in this country, that's why. Consider the growing mountain of evidence to that effect:

You've got your pseudo-social-science, "nonpartisan" academic research: Investigators at the University of Maryland, for instance, in an October 21 report entitled "The Separate Realities of Bush and Kerry Supporters," conclude that Americans who persist in thinking well of their president are able to do so only because they "suppress awareness of unsettling information" and instead "cling so tightly to beliefs" that have otherwise been "visibly refuted" by the media and rejected by "the majority of people in the world."

Then you've got your totally bogus, Internet info-hoax: Lately rocketing around the web—and landing to a warm embrace at even the most respectable of lefty blogs—has been a chart labeled "Correlation of 2004 Presidential Voting Patterns with Average IQ by State." Falsely attributing its fabricated data to a recent book on IQ and international economic development, said chart purports to demonstrate that the 16 "smartest" states in the Union all gave plurality victories to Kerry, while the 26 most cognitively disadvantaged jurisdictions all went hard for Bush. How cognitively disadvantaged are we talking, here? According to this document's anonymous author, the president's best state, Utah, has an average IQ of 87. For purposes of comparison: Koko the famous "talking" gorilla is supposed to have an IQ of 90.

There's plenty of anecdotal evidence, too, like that offered by novelist Jane Smiley in a recent *Slate* essay about how "progressives have consistently . . . underestimate[d] the vitality of ignorance in America." Your "red state types" simply "prefer to be ignorant," Smiley reports. And she knows whereof she speaks, because "I grew up in Missouri and most of my family voted for Bush."

Finally, there's House minority leader Nancy Pelosi, who in two separate interviews has now made it more or less official: The Democratic party believes George W. Bush is president because most Americans are mouth-breathing hillbillies. "For the past couple of years," Pelosi told CNN's Bill Hemmer on November 5, "the Republicans have controlled the White House, the Senate, and the House of Representatives," and everything's gone to hell in a handbasket. "But they were not held accountable for it because the public didn't know that they controlled all elements of government."

From now on, things will be different, though, Pelosi advised CNN's Lou Dobbs three days later. "The public now know that, again, the Republicans control the White House, the House, and the Senate, so they are responsible. They can no longer blame it on someone else as they have done for the past four years."

But "they were in control before," a puzzled Dobbs pointed out. "I know," replied Ms. Pelosi. "But the public was not fully aware of that." ♦

Loving Hands at Home

According to the *Maroon*, the University of Chicago's student newspaper, "Tears of laughter rolled down audience members' cheeks as National Public Radio superstar Garrison Keillor related humorous stories on childhood and provided insights on the election results" during a Nov. 3 campus speech.

Which seems a bit weird—the "tears of laughter" part, that is—since the *Maroon* report then goes on to recount Keillor's election-related insights and parenting tales in considerable detail. And "funny" is not the first word that comes to mind.

Judge for yourself. Here's Mr. NPR Superstar on the presidential election results: "I'm trying to organize support for a constitutional amendment to deny voting rights to born-again Christians," the *Maroon* quotes Keillor announcing. "I feel if your citizenship is in Heaven—like a born-again Christian's is—you should give up your citizenship. Sorry, but this is my new cause. If born-again Christians are allowed to vote in this country, then why not Canadians?"

Here's Keillor on how he once fed his 18-month-old daughter some calamari with pesto sauce: "She swallowed it, smiled, then got an odd look on her face and bent forward," he remembered. So "I caught this entire green flood, put it in a bowl, and pushed it aside for the waiter to take away."

And here's Garrison Keillor on the time he was changing this same daughter's diaper and, midway through, "realized she wasn't quite done yet." Out of "pure reflex and also because of the newly waxed kitchen floor, I skidded across the floor and caught both of them with my two hands."

Maybe you had to be there. ♦

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Police Blotter

Remember, back on Election Day, how somebody slashed the tires on 20 vans and cars rented by Republicans to get out the vote in Milwaukee? The story was all over the national news—for about 12 hours. And then it pretty much disappeared. Outside of Wisconsin itself, no major daily has since published a single word's worth of update on the resulting police investigation. This, even though—we'll call it a SCRAPBOOK exclusive, with apologies and thanks to the Milwaukee *Journal-Sentinel*—at least three arrests have now been made in the case. And two of the arrestees have been publicly identified.

On Nov. 5, accompanied by his attorney, 25-year-old Sowande Ajumoke Omokunde was booked at Milwaukee police headquarters. Omokunde—who apparently prefers to be called "Supreme Solar Allah"—lives with his mother, Gwen Moore, who's just been elected to Congress as a Democrat.

Also arrested: 33-year-old Opel E. Simmons, an official in the Virginia state Democratic party who'd been dispatched to Milwaukee to oversee Election Day canvassing on the city's north side. Police tell local reporters that a Kerry campaign automobile assigned to Simmons is "linked to the incident."

Still wanted for questioning: Michael Pratt, son of former acting Milwaukee mayor Marvin Pratt, Kerry's campaign chairman in the city. ♦

The New, New, New Al Gore

Republicans say that the Social Security system can only be rescued—and its traditional promises fulfilled—if future beneficiaries are allowed to designate at least a portion of their current payroll contributions to private-sector investments of their choosing. But Democrats say that's a horrible idea. Private-sector investments being what they are, after all, some unknown but unacceptable number of Americans are bound to lose part of their nest eggs as a consequence.

Especially if—though we don't necessarily expect to hear this particular argument issuing forth from the DNC—the unwitting investors in question somehow decide to turn their money over to Albert Gore Jr.

It seems that former Vice President Gore, the whole left-wing soapbox ranter gig having come a cropper, has decided to change the color of his parachute. Again. This time he's going to be an investment banker.

Specifically, Gore will become chairman of Generation Investment Management, which plans to create "environment-friendly portfolios" for institutional investors and "high-net-worth individuals." According to the Associated Press: "Gore said the new company will carefully screen potential companies to invest in, choosing only those that meet specific standards on how they treat their employees and the environment." Oh, yeah: "Growth prospects will also be considered, he said."

Consider this, for example: "You can't properly value automobile stocks," Gore tells the *Financial Times*, "without considering long-term issues such as carbon intensity." ♦

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Casual

Sublime Competence

A man after my own heart, Peter Kramer of Hillsborough, North Carolina, recently wrote a letter to the *New York Times Book Review* questioning the novelist Philip Roth for describing George W. Bush as "a man unfit to run a hardware store." Mr. Kramer's point is that Roth could not have chosen a poorer comparison, and in his letter he remarks that his own local hardware-store owner, a fellow named Wesley Woods, is one of the most trusted and helpful men in the community and that perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea if he, Mr. Woods, ran for president.

I had the same thought when I read Roth's misguided statement: Nowhere is competence more on display in America than in our hardware stores. What most of us bring to these stores is our vast ignorance about the small mending tasks that life puts before us and that we, left to our own devices, could easily turn into catastrophes, possibly even felonies. Almost always this ignorance is met at the hardware store with patient good sense and magisterial know-how.

Roth's ignorance on this point suggests that he himself doesn't go in much for home repair. His comparison reminds me of a telephone conversation I once had with the economist Thomas Sowell, in the middle of which I told a joke about a plane in trouble whose pilot has to call on a single passenger to jump out without a parachute so the plane can be landed safely. The captain, over the loudspeaker, remarks that he and the crew have decided to ask that person to jump who is of the least importance to society. At which point, the punch line goes, a disc jockey and a used-car dealer get up in the middle of the aisle and start fighting.

Complete silence from Professor Sowell. When I asked him why he didn't like the joke, he replied, "I should have preferred it if the punch line were 'at which point a psychotherapist and the curator of a contemporary art museum got up in the middle of the aisle and started fighting.'" In this same Sowellian vein, I should have preferred Philip Roth to say that George W. Bush hadn't the competence of a university English teacher or a political pundit.

Competence is a quality I much esteem. I reject the phrase "merely competent," considering it either an oxymoron or possibly an ironic witticism, like "merely dazzlingly beautiful" or "merely a genius." My own pocket definition of competence is quiet mastery.

Encountering incompetence in quotidian dealings—when, say, one has to call a repairman back three times to get one's refrigerator fixed properly, or a physician has badly misdiagnosed an illness or injury with serious consequences—inevitably gives me those terrible decline-and-fall feelings that lend life an unpiquant air of hopelessness.

I have known a few admirable people who seem omnicompetent. Whether the job is prose composition or building bookshelves, playing guitar or putting up preserves, they see what has to be done and calmly do it.

Admiration in my case is also close to envy. I envy them because I don't have lots of competence myself.

When I lived in the South I came across a number of people immensely competent at things I wouldn't even attempt, lest I maim myself. I knew men who could tune their own cars, do their own electrical work; in one instance, I knew a man who, on weekends, was building his own house, from, as they say (certainly I'm not entitled to say it), scratch.

As no one confidently thinks him- or herself brilliant or beautiful, I wonder if many people are deservedly confident of their competence. Lots of people—consultants, psychoanalysts, pollsters—have to put up a strong show of confidence in their competence if only because it is the basis on which they get paid. A deeply hesitant brain surgeon would be greatly nervous-making. Nor do you want a plumber who tells you he's never had much luck fixing toilets like yours.

When one runs into real competence, the world seems a fine place. After making a few hopeless calls recently to obtain two mildly obscure classical music CDs—one of the piano music of Reynaldo Hahn, the other of Judeo-Baroque music sung by the Boston Camerata—I found a man named Eduardo, at Tower Records, who not only knew the music I wanted but was able to supply me with the phone number of the producing company of the Reynaldo Hahn recording because his store didn't stock their products. Ah, I was in the secure embrace of competence.

Eduardo ought to join with Wesley Woods of Hillsborough, North Carolina, to form a ticket for the 2008 presidential election. I can't of course speak for Philip Roth, but they'd have my vote.

Joseph Epstein

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The Pirate Act, brought to you by Hollywood.

(This is one ship no conservative should be aboard.)

Batten down the hatches. Hollywood is attempting, once again, to shanghai government, industry and consumer interests to serve its own agenda.

The Pirate Act (S. 2237) is another masquerade by Hollywood to make taxpayers foot the bill for its misguided war on promising new technologies that advantage its competitors.

Right now, Hollywood is trying to ram this flawed bill – a handout for Tinsel Town fat cats – through Congress without hearings or debate.

The Pirate Act would turn the Department of Justice into Hollywood's private civil law firm, mandating the government to file civil copyright suits. Consumers convicted under the Pirate Act would get stiff fines for making copyrighted works "available" on the Internet.

All this at a time when the Department of Justice should be focused on tackling the immediate challenges of prosecuting terrorists and organized crime.

And who pays the legal bills for Hollywood? The American taxpayers.

And as a bonus, Hollywood companies get to collect the fines!

The Pirate Act isn't just ill-conceived, it's bad public policy. It needlessly and harmfully expands the role of government. No conservative should be on board with legislation written by and for Hollywood.

Don't let Hollywood Pirates loot the public Treasury. Let's sink the Pirate Act. Now.

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Anti-Semitism at Duke

Regarding your Scrapbook item (Nov. 1 / Nov. 8) on anti-Semitism at Duke University: Is anybody the least bit surprised at this turn of events? After all, Duke has just hosted, complimented, and justified a three-day conference of the Palestine Solidarity Movement, an organization whose goal is the destruction of Israel and the recruitment of students into a related terrorist-support group.

With that kind of encouragement, is it really any wonder that old-fashioned, homegrown anti-Semites are feeling empowered?

Laura T. Gutman
Durham, NC

I am a little surprised by The Scrapbook's reaction to Philip Kurian's column "The Jews" that appeared in the Duke *Chronicle*.

Regardless of how we feel about an expressed opinion, everyone has a right to free speech (within bounds). As a society, to be sure, we have guidelines. We deem some forms of expression unacceptable. But Kurian's published opinion wasn't unacceptable—it was simply ignorant.

Why prohibit someone like Kurian from showing all of us (and the Duke student body) just how ignorant he or she is? Why stifle an opinion that should be expressed in order to be condemned? And, more important, who decides what's acceptable and what's not, absent some reaction from readers?

Kurian can now face the criticism of his peers. Those who think like him might reconsider. And, most important, the Duke faculty has learned that it has a long way to go in educating some members of its student body.

Jay Trunzo
Warwick, NY

Celebrity Politicos

After reading Matt Labash's "The New Know-Nothings" (Nov. 1 / Nov. 8), I was compelled to respond. Among other things, Labash writes about Sean "P. Diddy" Combs—hip-hop mogul, fashion designer, and actor—and how he's been campaigning across America, encouraging young folks, especially young black Americans, to get out and vote. He even has a "Vote or Die" T-shirt.

What irony. Perhaps Combs and his entourage can visit the inner cities of this great nation and campaign to help stop young black men from killing each other. This past year, Washington, D.C., the most important city in the world, had the highest homicide rate in the country (though that rate was, ironically, the lowest it's been in years).

Washington's population is majority black. My 25-year-old nephew, God rest his soul, was shot and killed on July 23, 2004, on the streets of this city. He'll never vote, nor will his killer. Dead men can't vote, and neither can most felons.

No one can deny that rap music and rap artists have had a tremendous effect on this generation. Let them now step up to the plate and use their influence and money to help turn this crisis around.

Pamela A. Hairston
Washington, DC

Is it really necessary for Matt Labash to insult entertainers for supporting an important cause such as voting? Obviously, Labash's opinion is that we are all self-absorbed idiots who do not use the sense God gave us.

This is not true. Perhaps we aren't as informed as professional journalists and may still need to learn a few things about the electoral process. But what is wrong with using one's influence to promote civic involvement? Frankly, many younger voters do not read The Weekly Standard—but they will consume every word on MTV. It impresses them that their heroes are politically engaged.

Furthermore, if Labash looks closely enough, he may find that the entertainment world has more political savvy than expected.

Catrina N. Williams
Richmond, VA

A RINO, Not A Dem

Joseph Bottum has written a great article on Catholic voters ("The Myth of the Catholic Voter," Nov. 1 / Nov. 8). However, he mistakenly identifies Maine senator Susan Collins as a Democrat.

Senator Collins is a Republican, although I will grant she isn't much of one. Nor, as Bottum points out, is she much of a Catholic.

Joseph J. DeSanctis
Cheshire, CT

Kill All the Lawyers?

William Tucker's article on the flu vaccine fiasco ("La Grippe of the Trial Lawyers," Oct. 25) prompts me to write about cancer, a dreaded word for many years. Billions have been spent searching for cures or palliatives for all types of cancer, with some success on the palliative side. But nothing has been done to attack the most widespread cancer affecting every single person in America: our legal "profession" as it now operates.

I'll venture a pessimistic guess that cures will be found for all medical cancers before even some palliative is legislated to rein in our legal cancer. The legal "profession" itself controls this problem—but it is also the mechanism that must deal with it.

The entire "profession" includes not only the plaintiff's bar and criminal defense attorneys, but also their active alumni: legislators and the judiciary, who will never be willing to take any action that might de-feather the comfy nests of their generously supportive brethren.

The result? A gigantic, metastasizing malignancy. And yet there are still parents who proudly proclaim that a son or daughter has been admitted to, or is in, law school.

Bruce Tennant
Hilton Head, SC

It is misguided to claim, as William Tucker does, that the current flu vaccine shortage is the fault of trial lawyers. Attorneys perform a very simple function: They operate within a system of rules to win courtroom arguments and, frequently, monetary settlements. That is simply their job.

The problem is not the trial lawyers. It is the legal structure within which they work. The solution is thus simple: Change the existing laws to protect

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vaccine manufacturers from unreasonable suits.

JAMES L. HORWITZ
Hendersonville, NC

AUSSIE REALITY TV

AS MORONIC AS *Big Brother* contestants may be the world over, Matt Labash ("When a Kiss Is Not Just a Kiss," Oct. 18) does an injustice to Merlin Luck, the contestant who exited the Australian *Big Brother* house with a banner reading "Free th Refugees."

Luck can spell. The "e" in "the" on his homemade banner simply fell off. And the immigration minister was being disingenuous when he claimed there were no refugees in Australian detention centers. Despite the recent release of some refugees, others remain; and their detention has been a prominent political issue in Australia for years.

The minister should not have been the least bit "puzzled" by Luck's banner, having faced many similar demands from human rights groups and ordinary Australians.

SHAKIRA HUSSEIN
Canberra, Australia

TWO CBS PEAS IN A POD

REGARDING JOHN PODHORETZ'S "Dan Rather's Day of Reckoning" (Oct. 4), even the more sophisticated commentary on Dan Rather's forged document fiasco has failed to recognize that he is joined at the hip to his fabled predecessor, Walter Cronkite, who for decades anchored the CBS Evening News.

Even before the avuncular Cronkite bequeathed his post to an austere Rather, Cronkite openly proclaimed his liberal views and proudly admitted that he deliberately slanted the news.

In a June 1973 *Playboy* interview, Cronkite said most newsmen, including himself, tend to be "liberal, and possibly left of center as well. . . . They come to feel little allegiance to the established order. I think they're inclined to side with humanity rather than with authority and institutions."

In the early 1970s, when the Cold War was heating up, Cronkite's news broadcasts were highly critical of U.S. military spending. This bias was demonstrated by his reporting dovish opinion (reduce military spending) 15 times more often than hawkish opinion (increase spending). For him, the opinions of George McGovern and Teddy Kennedy were newsworthy, while the carefully researched recommendations of the Committee on the Present Danger were not.

In 1974, when he was asked to explain this disparity in his reporting, Cronkite said, "There are always groups in Washington expressing alarm over the state of our defenses. *We don't carry those stories*. The story is that there are those who want to *cut* defense spending" (emphasis added).

Cronkite also expressed his concern for "humanity" and his distrust of U.S. foreign policy in a recent interview with Larry King. Cronkite again warned against the dangers of U.S. military power and criticized President Bush's policies, adding that our problem today is not terrorism, but "greed which is overrunning our civilization." America, he declared, spends far too much on the military and not enough on fighting poverty.

Walter Cronkite and Dan Rather fall within the "liberal" tradition that distrusts the exercise of American power abroad. This is their right, but an honest and unbiased reporting of the news is their obligation.

ERNEST LEFEVER
Chevy Chase, MD

FORGET PARIS

I FOUND CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL'S "Islamic Europe?" (Oct. 4) to be both informative and thought-provoking. It broached an issue that modern intellectuals have overlooked: the underlying paradox of the rise of Islamic influence in European affairs.

The desire by Western Europeans to be less xenophobic in the wake of the Holocaust has effectively benefited the Jewish people's contemporary enemy: the majority of Muslims who want to see Israel buried. What cruel irony that the legacy of the Jewish blood spilt in the Holocaust—a desire by Western Europeans to be more tolerant—has facilitated the rise of Islamic immigration and Islamic political power in Western Europe. That combination aims to undercut Israel's interests as much as possible.

And consider, for that matter, the recent surge in anti-Jewish hate crimes being perpetrated by Muslims in Europe. These were facilitated by the liberal immigration policies of the past few decades—which were in turn a function of the Holocaust's anti-intolerance legacy.

It is one thing for Western European Jews not to benefit from the legacy of the Holocaust. But it is a sad and twisted irony when the people who are *least* tolerant of Jewish causes benefit from that legacy. The Jewish people, 6 million of whom died in the Holocaust, should *themselves* benefit from Western Europe's desire for tolerance, not the people who have made promoting anti-Semitism their greatest passion.

KIT COOPER
Houston, TX

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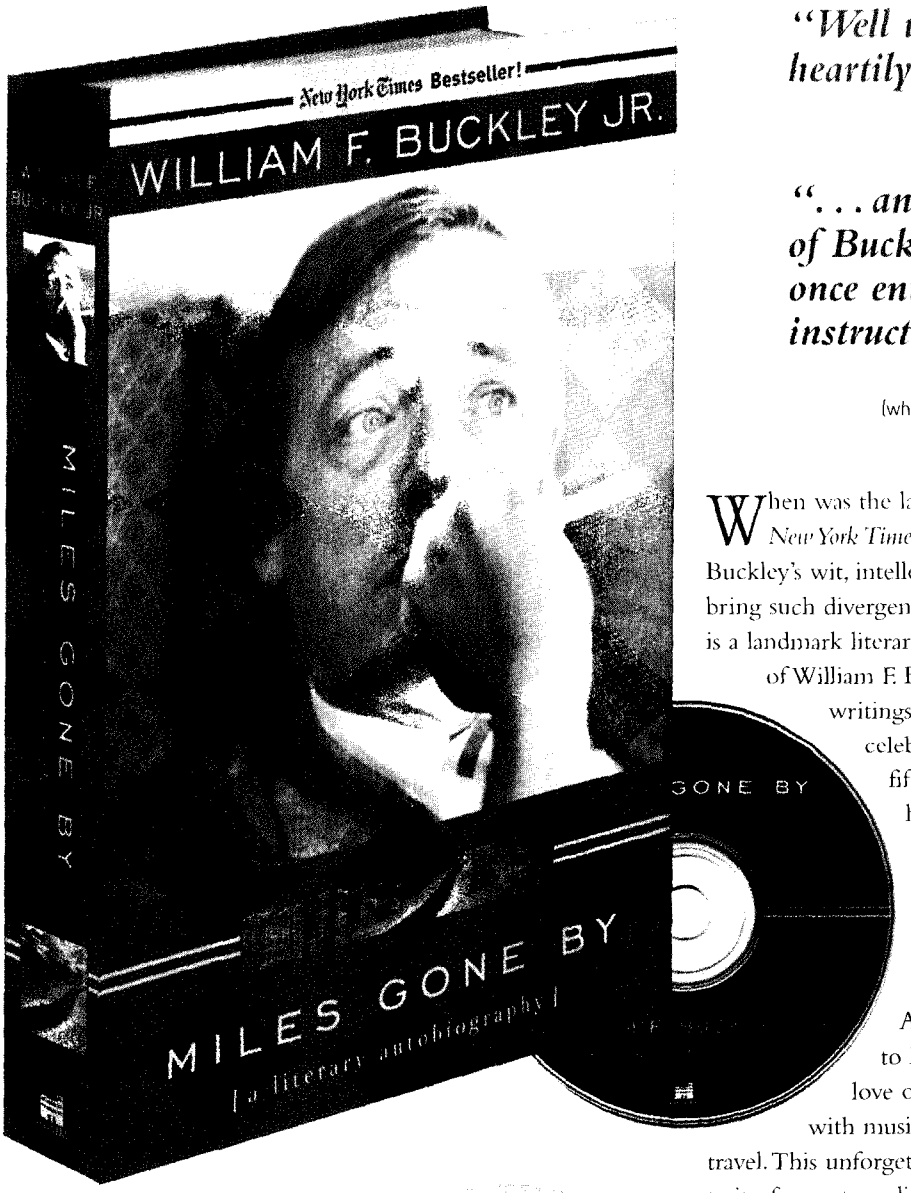
The *New York Times* & Rush Limbaugh agree...

Buckley at his Best



Includes FREE audio CD
with excerpts and reading by
William F. Buckley Jr.
and introductions by
Walter Cronkite

"Well worth every word. I heartily recommend it."

—Rush Limbaugh

"... an elegant book, one of Buckley's best. . . . At once entertaining and instructive."

—*New York Times* Book Review
(which chose the book as an "Editors Choice")

When was the last time Rush Limbaugh and the *New York Times* agreed on anything? Only Bill Buckley's wit, intellect, and passion for living could bring such divergent forces together. *Miles Gone By* is a landmark literary event. It's the autobiography of William F. Buckley Jr., woven from personal writings created over the course of a celebrated life, spanning more than fifty years. From his childhood, to his founding of *National Review*, to his debut book, *God and Man at Yale*, hitting the bestseller list, to personal glimpses of friends such as Tom Wolfe, Whittaker Chambers, and Ronald Reagan. Along the way, you'll be treated to Buckley's romance with wine, his love of the right word, his intoxication with music, and his joy of skiing, sailing and travel. This unforgettable work paints an indelible portrait of an extraordinary man leading an extraordinary life in extraordinary times.

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the weekly Standard

Get It Right

Yes, the president must get this decision right. He must take real care with the nomination of a new Supreme Court justice. He must name someone impressive who shares his judicial philosophy. And he must get that nominee confirmed.

It's important to say this now because the likelihood of a vacancy by the end of the current term or earlier, perhaps even next month, has markedly increased with the news that Chief Justice William Rehnquist, who is 80 and has served since 1971, has thyroid cancer and is undergoing both radiation treatment and chemotherapy.

Other justices may well also retire during Bush's second term. Both John Paul Stevens, 84, and Sandra Day O'Connor, 74, are older than retiring justices usually have been, and their length of service (29 and 23 years) exceeds the average during the last century. And it's not unthinkable that another justice or two might leave the bench. After all, of the remaining justices, only Clarence Thomas is younger than 65. Meanwhile, consider this: The Court has now gone more than 10 years without the subtraction and addition of a justice—a stretch of years without a change in justices exceeded only from 1812 to 1823. It's about time, as they say.

The chief justice is chief justice not of the Supreme Court but of the United States. As such, he has supervisory responsibility for the entire federal judiciary and often a higher visibility than his colleagues.

Of course, no one knows (or if he or she does, he or she isn't telling) when anyone might be stepping down. But an administration must be prepared for vacancies, and you can bet that the Bush administration long ago drew up a list and sorted through the pros and cons of more than a few potential nominees.

Still, the urgency of getting the first nomination right is hard to overstate, if only because the president may have only one vacancy to fill before he retires. And for obvious reasons, it is on the Court's center seat, Rehnquist's, that the president must focus.

Who should the nominee be? Let's assume for every lawyer on the president's shortlist a distinguished legal career, the right temperament for judging, and good character. The remaining but transcendent question involves judicial philosophy. During the campaign the president reiterated his desire to pick judicial conservatives. There are varieties of judicial conservatism, to be sure. Yet generally speaking, this approach to judging takes seriously the original intent of the Constitution, and thus resists the creation of rights not found in its text or history and defers to the decision of popularly elected branches. Also, it respects the structural dictates of the Constitution—most notably those involving the separation of powers and federalism.

A non-exhaustive list of outstanding lawyers in all other respects qualified for the High Court who may fairly be described as judicial conservatives includes a number of federal appellate judges: Sam Alito of the Third Circuit, J. Michael Luttig and J. Harvie Wilkinson III of the Fourth Circuit, Edith Jones of the Fifth Circuit, Danny Boggs of the Sixth Circuit, Michael McConnell of the Tenth Circuit, and John Roberts of the D.C. Circuit. And it includes at least three non-judges: Sen. Jon Kyl of Arizona and two first-term Bush appointees—former deputy attorney general Larry Thompson and former solicitor general Theodore B. Olson.

In choosing a nominee, the president undoubtedly will consider some other factors. One, in the special case of nominating a leader for the Court, concerns the very nature of the position: The chief justice is chief justice not of the Supreme Court but of the United States. As such, he has supervisory responsibility for the entire federal judiciary and often a higher visibility than his colleagues. And inside the Court, a dexterous chief can influence the Court's direction, maybe not by much, but still by something. Then, too, there is age. The younger the new justice, the longer the individual's service and influence might be.

Finally, there is the nature of the nominee's legal experience. The Court is dominated by former circuit

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judges. The appeals courts are an obvious place to look for new justices. But good justices can come from other places—indeed, Rehnquist was in the Justice Department when President Nixon appointed him to the Court. Right now the Court has no one with prior experience as broad as Thompson, who has been a defense lawyer and also a federal prosecutor, a U.S. Attorney, a corporate attorney, and also deputy A.G., in which capacity he ran a Justice Department with a budget of $25 billion and 110,000 employees forced to quickly adjust its priorities in the wake of 9/11. By the way, that Bush nominated Alberto Gonzales as attorney general and not Thompson suggests to us that the president sees Thompson, as he should, as a serious prospect for the Court.

Whatever else Bush may take into account in selecting the first nominee, he must make sure that he picks a bona fide judicial conservative. Not only might the president not get another chance to nominate a justice, but it would make no sense to replace a judicial conservative, which Rehnquist most demonstrably is, with someone whose philosophy of judging is the opposite or, more likely, indiscernible because undeveloped. (Repeat after us: No more Souters—but also no more O'Connors.) Furthermore, a judicial conservative can be confirmed. Those Senate Democrats who insist on maintaining the Court's current ideological balance cannot credibly object to a successor to Rehnquist who holds the same philosophy as he. And moderate Senate Democrats can tell liberal interest groups that, after all, because this is already a "conservative seat," they can't be expected to go up against a recently reelected president on this nomination.

The president should be willing to expend in behalf of his choice some of that political capital he talked the other day about having earned. But the stars are well aligned for his first nomination: The president has every opportunity to select a stellar constitutional jurist, and to get him (pretty easily, we suspect) confirmed. Just do it.

—Terry Eastland, for the Editors

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Realignment, Now More than Ever

The next best thing to a permanent majority.

BY FRED BARNES

KARL ROVE SAID LAST YEAR that the question of realignment—whether Republicans have at last become the majority party—would be decided by the election of 2004. And it has. Even by the cautious reckoning of Rove, President Bush's chief political adviser, Republicans now have both an operational majority in Washington (control of the White House, Senate, and the House of Representatives) and an ideological majority in the country (51 percent popular vote for a center-right president). They also control a majority of governorships, a plurality of state legislatures, and are at rough parity with Democrats in the number of state legislators. Rove says that under Bush a "rolling realignment" favoring Republicans continues, and he's right. So Republican hegemony in America is now expected to last for years, maybe decades.

Listen to Walter Dean Burnham, professor emeritus at University of Texas at Austin, who is the nation's leading theorist of realignment, the shift of political power from one party to another. The 2004 election, he says, "consolidates it all"—that is, it solidifies the trend that has favored Republicans over the past decade. To Burnham, it means there's "a stable pattern" of Republican rule. "If Republicans keep playing the religious card along with the terrorism card, this could last a long time," he says. Burnham, by the way, is neither a Republican nor a conservative.

His definition of realignment is "a sudden transformation that turns out to be permanent." The breakthrough occurred in 1994 when Republicans shattered the 40-year Democratic grip on Congress and the statehouses. Since then, the GOP has held its gains, and even added to them in the 2002 and 2004 elections with George W. Bush as president and Rove as strategist. Burnham says the 2004 election "may be the most important of my lifetime." (He's 75.) The reelection of Bush plus pickups in the Senate and House was "a very, very impressive showing, given the past." Democrats will have enormous difficulty overcoming "the huge weight of Republican strength," he says.

Republican Gains

	1992	Today
House Seats	176	231[1]
Total House Vote[2]	24.4%	25.0%
State Legislatures	8	20
State Legislators	3,031	3,650
Governorships	18	28[3]

[1] Two races still unresolved
[2] Percentage of eligible voters
[3] One race still unresolved

Republicans gained four Senate seats, giving them 55, bringing their numbers back to the historic high they'd reached in the late '90s. (The last time Republicans had more than 55 seats in the Senate was 1931.) They won three more House seats and are expected to capture at least one of the two seats at stake in runoff elections in Louisiana in December. That will give them 232 or 233 seats, the most they've held since 1949. In 1992, the year before realignment began, they held 44 seats in the Senate and 167 in the House. Republican governorships have jumped from 18 in 1992 to 28 or 29 today, depending on the outcome of the governor's race in Washington state, and control of legislatures has risen from 8 to 20.

What hasn't emerged is the much-touted "emerging Democratic majority." It remains a theory of liberal analysts John Judis and Ruy Teixeira, based on their take on voting patterns of women, urban professionals, and Hispanics. The theory faltered in 2002 and even more this year. The gender gap in the presidential race dropped from an 11-point Democratic advantage among female voters in 2000 to a 3-point edge in 2004. And Ken Mehlman, the president's campaign manager, said the Bush vote in urban centers of more than 500,000 people grew by 26 percent in 2004 over 2000.

But Latinos are the big realignment story of 2004. They comprised only 8 percent of the electorate this year, but are growing rapidly as a voting bloc and are already an important factor in California, Texas, Florida, New York, Illinois, and several other states. The Republican share grew from 21 percent in 1996 to 35 percent in 2000 and to 42 percent this year. The flip side is that Democrats lost Latino voters, falling from 72 percent in 1996 to 62 percent in 2000, then to

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54 percent in 2004. Burnham speculates that Hispanics are attracted to the entrepreneurial bent and traditional values of Republicans.

Meanwhile, the South continued to be reliable turf for Republican gains. Republicans overcame a 102-75 Democratic majority to take control of the Georgia House, after having won the state senate in 2002. In Florida, they picked up a statehouse seat in Broward County (Ft. Lauderdale), one of the most Democratic counties in the country. Democrats haven't added any seats in the Florida legislature since 1982. Of course, the most striking gains were the five U.S. Senate seats in the South won by Republicans. "The southern seats are probably never going back," says Burnham.

For Republican rule to endure, Rove makes the obvious point that Bush and the Republican Congress must govern together. Mehlman goes further, insisting Bush's "ownership society" agenda will lock in millions of voters by "changing the incentives of politics." From the 1930s on, a majority of voters were united around the New Deal idea that "federal power would improve their lives," Mehlman says. That insured Democratic majorities. Now, Social Security, tax, and tort reform may do the same for Republicans by giving Americans more control over their income and wealth. "When [those reforms] become law," Mehlman says, "a constituency will develop behind them. That's the New Deal" all over again, this time for the Republican party.

Rove, leery of claiming too much for Republicans, said on *Meet the Press* on November 7 that "there are no permanent majorities in American politics." This is true, but some last longer than others. Burnham, however, sees little chance of change for years. For Republicans to slip into minority status again, he says, it would take a monumental party split like that in 1912 or "a colossal increase in the pain level" of Americans as happened with the Great Depression. Neither is likely. ♦

A Democratic Palestine

The post-Arafat agenda.

BY ROBERT SATLOFF

WITH FIDEL CASTRO now sporting double-breasted suits, the uniform-clad Yasser Arafat could rightly claim to be "the world's last revolutionary." In this regard, as in so many others, Arafat has no heir. None of the contenders to "succeed" him—if the verb is appropriate to the situation—wears a military uniform. At Arafat's funeral, the pallbearers will be in either jackets and ties, checkered *keffiyehs*, or traditional religious garb—but little khaki.

If history is any guide, worst-case fears about a descent to anarchy in the immediate aftermath of Arafat's death are unwarranted. While "Palestine" is not a state in the legal sense, it does have some of the attributes of the modern Arab state, from which succession lessons can be drawn.

Traditionally, Arab states have had coups and assassinations but rarely revolutions or civil wars. When faced with the prospect of radical change that could bring down an entire ruling system, elites have more often than not found a way to produce suitable (or at least sustainable) successors rather than risk exposing themselves to wholesale political change. Such has been the case in republics, like Egypt, as well as in monarchies, like Saudi Arabia. The counter-case does not exist—there is no example of an Arab state disintegrating when the leader, even the paramount leader, leaves the scene.

Like most other Arab states, Palestine—the political hybrid of the Palestinian Authority, the Palestine Liberation Organization, and its sundry constituent groups—has been highly centralized in the person of the leader. Like other states, it boasts competing and overlapping intelligence and security agencies that are themselves more potent than the regular uniformed forces. While there are thousands of guns floating around the West Bank and Gaza, the vast majority are in the hands of governmental or para-statal organs; the armed units of "opposition" groups like Hamas and Islamic Jihad are very small, numbering in the hundreds.

In the current Palestinian case, Arafat's death likely means a "rush to the ramparts" by Palestinian political and security figures, each in his (and they will all be men) own zone of influence in the West Bank and Gaza, and probably working in concert with each other. The objective would be to defend their collective authority while protecting their individual slices of power and influence. A "national leadership" of political and security personalities will probably emerge, with the former playing a more public role at the beginning of the process, progressively ceding real power to the latter. The bywords would be unity, accountability, transparency, participation, and democracy—little of which would in fact exist.

As for relations with Israel, his collective heirs will leaven Arafat's legacy with pragmatism. While offering no political concessions that Arafat was unwilling to countenance, they are also likely to go further than Arafat toward meeting Israel's imme-

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EFE / Pavel Wolberg

Arafat's coffin arrives in Ramallah, Nov. 12.

diate security concerns, lest Arafat's death convince enough Israelis that the cost of decisive military action against the PA is worth the perceived benefits. In the Arafat era, that was not the case, but in the age of his successors, a new approach may take hold.

According to this analysis, the most likely scenario in the immediate aftermath of Arafat's passing is Palestinian political stasis—neither a collective bloodletting nor a collective sigh of relief. In the near term, this will not lead to much in the way of movement forward (toward either better governance or conciliation in diplomacy with Israel) or backward (toward either full-scale kleptocracy or open warfare against Israel). Getting and keeping power will be the main thrust of post-Arafat Palestinian politics, and there is little that outside powers, including the United States, can do to alter the local dynamic and its outcome.

But with the passage of time, all is likely to change. Optimists believe that the death of Arafat will eventually free Palestinian politics from the stranglehold that the chairman's unique persona has helped keep on it for a generation. According to this theory, Arafat's passing will unleash centrifugal forces that will send Palestinians in different directions: West Bankers and Gazans asserting their own "insider" interests, refugees asserting refugees' interests, and Palestinian citizens of the two key neighboring states—Jordan and Israel—asserting their own interests apart from the larger nationalist cause.

On the plus side, this cannot but make the Israeli-Palestinian dispute more tractable. Local politics in the West Bank and Gaza are likely to develop in a more positive way than in recent years. A possible negative side effect of this process is that the assertion of a post-Arafat Palestinian identity within Jordan and Israel may very well complicate politics in those countries. Along with that, the Palestinian cause in general will lose some international visibility, though it may eventually gain more in terms of legitimacy without Arafat as its symbol.

But the more pessimistic scenario also has analytical heft. According to this view, Arafat's double failure—the failure to cultivate a successor group of leaders and the failure to take advantage of diplomatic opportunities to settle the Palestinian-Israeli dispute—will leave secular nationalism leaderless and deflated. After an interregnum, the vacuum could be filled by the Islamist alternative, which appears more responsive to popular needs and unburdened with the failed strategies of the past. The result could be that the difficult but at least theoretically resolvable conflict between two nationalisms will be replaced by an irreconcilable, post-September 11 religious war—leaving the world, remarkable as it may seem, pining for the days of yore.

Although the power grab likely to follow Arafat's death will be beyond their influence, outside actors can affect the outcome of longer-term Palestinian political change. Israel, Jordan, and Egypt will all be influential; to varying degrees, Saudi Arabia and Syria will also have roles to play. What is clear is that the United States could be pivotal, so long as U.S. policymakers learn from the past.

In the aftermath of the signing of the Oslo Accords, U.S. relations with the Palestinian leadership and people changed overnight, and the United States faced what seemed to be a clear, if difficult, decision. This was the choice between emphasizing security (Arafat's commitment to renounce violence and terrorism and work cooperatively with Israel toward a negotiated solution to their conflict) or democracy (the development of sound, stable, representative political institutions that would create a Palestinian polity strong and mature enough to build peaceful relations with Israel). Taking its cue from Israel, Washington chose security. In the end, as has been made regrettably clear, it got neither security nor democracy.

The passing of Arafat will provide that Middle Eastern rarity: a second chance. With Palestinian politics inwardly focused in the immediate aftermath of Arafat's death, promoting an early resumption of high-level Israeli-Palestinian diplomacy is the

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wrong approach. Instead, this is precisely the moment for the United States to press forward with a three-pronged agenda.

First, Washington should do all it can to assist Israel in implementing its plan to disengage from Gaza and the northern West Bank. More than anything else, the prospect of Israeli withdrawal from these areas will compel moderate, reformist Palestinians to come out of the woodwork and fight for their interests in the internal Palestinian political contest that looms.

Second, the United States should promote a U.S.-Palestinian agenda that emphasizes democracy, transparency, accountability, and the rule of law. Elections that were impossible as long as Arafat had a stranglehold on power are now conceivable. This new American approach cannot by itself ensure that the optimistic scenario will take hold. President Bush's promise last week to work for "lasting democratic political institutions" in a free Palestine is a good start. But without a consistent, concerted push from Washington—the foreign capital that all Palestinians have, for the last decade, cared most about—the prospects are dim indeed.

Third, the Bush administration should challenge Arabs and Europeans to lend material support to both these efforts. Foreign critics of the president's first term who demand "greater American engagement"—while still providing broadcast time to anti-peace jihadists, welshing on their financial commitments, or reveling in producing peace plans unrelated to reality—should have no standing in Washington. But countries that are willing to invest in the success of a post-disengagement Gaza—politically, economically, and morally—should find a willing partner in the White House.

In the end, Arafat's death opens up vistas of opportunity for Palestinians brave enough to act. Washington should help them take advantage of this opening. We cannot, of course, force them to do what is in their own interest. ♦

Holland's Deadly Tolerance

Another political assassination and its aftermath.

BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

AP / Guus Dubbelman

A makeshift memorial to the murdered Theo van Gogh

THE AFTERNOON of Election Day in Washington, one of the Dutch journalists in town to cover the vote mentioned to me that there had been a spectacular killing in Amsterdam that morning, which would be international news as soon as the dust cleared from the Bush-Kerry contest. True enough. Most of the world now knows that a Muslim assailant intercepted the controversialist filmmaker Theo van Gogh as he rode his bike through Amsterdam, and shot him several times. As van Gogh pled for his life, the murderer slit his throat. He then used the corpse as a sort of human bulletin board, pinning a letter to the torso with a dagger.

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What was curious was the journalist's explanation of why the ordinarily open and liberal Dutch government had not released the contents of that letter. He speculated that it contained radical Islamic pronouncements and further threats against politicians, and that the reaction of the public to it would be violent. The letter, published early this week, did indeed contain death threats against two members of parliament: Ayaan Hirsi Ali, a Somalian-born immigrant who has repudiated Islam and blames it for violence against women; and Geert Wilders, a longtime liberal politician who has turned to anti-Muslim demagoguery and heads an embryonic populist movement. Both are now in hiding.

Both rose to prominence in the

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wake of the killing in 2002 of Pim Fortuyn, the charismatic gay politician who won a massive overnight following by warning that high Muslim immigration was overburdening the country's institutions and threatening its ethos of easy come, easy go. It took him only weeks to turn his new party into the country's second largest, but he was soon shot dead by a deranged environmentalist. It was the first political killing in Holland since the sixteenth century.

Van Gogh, on the other hand, had been a loud—one could even say obnoxious—critic of Islam. He had referred to Muslims as "goatf—ers" and, with Hirsi Ali, had made a 10-minute agitprop film that mixed pornography, violence, and Muslim prayer. But even if the van Gogh killing was different in its particulars, it looked to certain Dutch observers like a second salvo in a revolution. The past 10 days have seen almost continuous protest. At least a dozen mosques and Muslim schools were set on fire. The subsequent firebombing of several churches fanned the fury. There were raids across the country on Moroccan, Kurdish, and Pakistani terrorist cells. At one predawn arrest of two suspects in the Hague, police were met with a grenade attack, and a siege that lasted 15 hours, while the cornered suspects hollered, "We will behead you!" There were dozens of arrests. Most of the suspects were Arab immigrants. But, quite disturbingly, some, like Mohammed Bouyeri, van Gogh's alleged killer, were Dutch-born Dutch citizens. Two of those arrested—known only as Jason W. and Jermaine W.—were Dutch-American converts to Islam.

After decades of trying to fight social problems with ever more tolerance, the Dutch are at a loss before terrorism. Queen Beatrix limited her involvement to visiting immigrant kids at a Moroccan "youth center." This was hardly what public opinion was clamoring for. At this point, the Dutch seem more inclined to move from Live and Let Live to its opposite, and are calling for laws that make

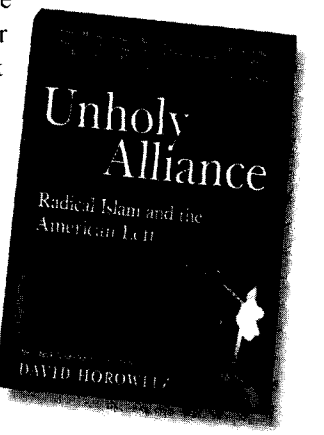
ISRAEL IS THE CANARY IN THE MINE

The war between Arabs and Jews is not the cause of the war on terror, as apologists for Muslim radicals claim; it *is* the war on terror.

Twenty-five years ago, there were two non-Islamic democracies in the Arab Middle East, Israel and Lebanon. This was too much for Islamic radicals and Syrian irredentists and Palestinians who joined forces to destroy Lebanon and make it a base for terror.

The goal of the post-Oslo Intifada is not to establish a Palestinian state alongside a Jewish state. Its goal is an Islamic *umma* extending "from the Jordan to the sea." That is why Oslo was rejected by Arafat even though Barak and Clinton offered him an independent state on virtually all of the land Palestinians claimed in the West Bank of the Jordan. That is why the very birth of Israel is referred to by all the present Palestinian leadership as the "Naqba" – the "catastrophe." To Islamic radicals at war with the West, the very creation of Israel is a catastrophe.

American apologists for Arab aggression are also apologists for Islamic aggression. In their eyes, Arab terror in the Middle East has a root cause in the policies of Israel, whom terrorists refer to as the "little Satan." For apologists of the Islamic terror of 9/11 and the Zarqawi terror in Iraq, *jihad* is not a self-generating creed but has a "root cause" in the policies of "the Great Satan," which is us.



Peace in the Middle East and peace in the war with al-Qaeda and Zarqawi will come only when the terrorists surrender or are defeated.

~ David Horowitz

"THE INTERESTS OF MUSLIMS AND THE INTERESTS OF THE SOCIALISTS COINCIDE IN THE WAR AGAINST THE CRUSADERS."

~ Osama Bin Laden, February 14, 2003.

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the Patriot Act look like Kumbayah. Strict laws against government surveillance over religious establishments, a centuries-old inheritance from the United Provinces' battle against Spanish occupation, appear set to go by the boards. On Friday, the Dutch parliament requested a new law that would forbid mosques to employ imams who had been educated elsewhere. One member of parliament was quoted in a wire report as saying: "It's better to have 10 possibly innocent people temporarily in jail than one with a bomb on the street."

Complicating matters further is the big story from neighboring Belgium, where authorities last week banned the Vlaams Blok, the most popular party in the Flemish (Dutch-speaking) part of the country. In recent years, the party has argued with increasing stridency for dissolving Belgium and building links with the Netherlands. There are not that many Dutch-speakers in the world. The unhappy result is that stories about Holland's immigrant menace and the Belgian government's banning of one of Europe's most popular right-wing parties have been mixed together in the same media pressure cooker.

There was naturally a lot of solipsistic hand-wringing in the Dutch press, warning the country against reacting like the United States or Israel, since "violence only begets violence." But for a change, that was not the only response.

Alternatives to rightism and pacifism are not lacking. The most hopeful sign of the week may have been the U.S. visit of the pro-American NATO chief Jaap de Hoop Scheffer, who as Dutch foreign minister was one of the architects of the Netherlands' pragmatic engagement in the Iraq coalition. De Hoop Scheffer met President Bush on Wednesday; the following day, in an interview in New York, he warned that there is a gap between the United States and Europe in their perceptions of the terrorist threat. "If the gap is to be bridged," he added, "it has to be done from the European side." Events, alas, are seeing to that. ♦

Fundamentalists & Other Fun People

To know them is not to despise them.

BY PAUL MARSHALL

THE AFTERMATH of the election brought a belated realization that President Bush's victory was based in large part on increased evangelical turnout. Hence, predictably, committed religion is again an incendiary political topic, and again it is mindlessly stereotyped as "fundamentalism" and "religious extremism," characterized by closed-minded certitude—and, thus, the mirror image of Islamist extremism.

Three writers preached petulant sermons on the matter on the same *New York Times* op-ed page two days after the election. Maureen Dowd called for George W. Bush's excommunication for promoting "a jihad in America so he can fight one in Iraq." Thomas Friedman condemned as apostates from America those "Christian fundamentalists" who "promote divisions and intolerance at home and abroad." Garry Wills, ever inquisitorial, demanded "where else" but in America "do we find fundamentalist zeal, a rage at secularity, religious intolerance, fear of and hatred for modernity?" Can't guess? "We find it in the Muslim world, in al Qaeda, in Saddam Hussein's Sunni loyalists"—and, writes Wills, Americans fear "jihad, no matter whose zeal is being expressed." Meanwhile, Ellen Goodman conjures up apocalyptic visions of a "country racked by the fundamentalist religious wars we see across the world," and Sean Wilentz anathematizes "the religious fanaticism that has seized control of the federal government."

Of course, people say silly things in a bleak post-election dawn. But similar litanies were recited during the campaign. Howell Raines portrayed "God's people" as seeking to enact "theologically based cultural norms." Joe Biden pronounced a "death struggle between freedom and radical fundamentalism." Al Gore pilloried Bush's faith as "the same fundamentalist impulse that we see in Saudi Arabia, in Kashmir, and in religions around the world." Robert Reich pontificated: "Terrorism itself is not the greatest danger we face," the "true battle" is with "those who believe that truth is revealed through Scripture and religious dogma." Bruce Bartlett, who served in the Reagan and Bush I administrations, reportedly averred that Bush II understands Islamic terrorists "because he's just like them," and has visions of a Manichean "battle . . . between modernists and fundamentalists, pragmatists and true believers, reason and religion."

Well, people say silly things in the frenzy of a campaign, too. But these rants express something far deeper than political frustration: A large slice of the punditocracy apparently believes with all its heart and mind and soul and strength that committed religion is akin to Islamist terrorism.

After 9/11, the noted Oxford scientist Richard Dawkins declaimed, "To fill a world with religion, or religions of the Abrahamic kind, is like littering the streets with loaded guns. Do not be surprised if they are used." Thomas Friedman preached, "World War III is a battle against . . . a view of the world . . . that my faith must remain supreme and can be affirmed and held passionately only if all others are negated. That's bin Laden-

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ism." Andrew Sullivan worried that "there is something inherent in religious monotheism that lends itself to this kind of terrorist temptation." Michael Lind announced that the Moral Majority and Christian Coalition have a "fundamentalist ideology . . . essentially identical to that of the Muslim extremists."

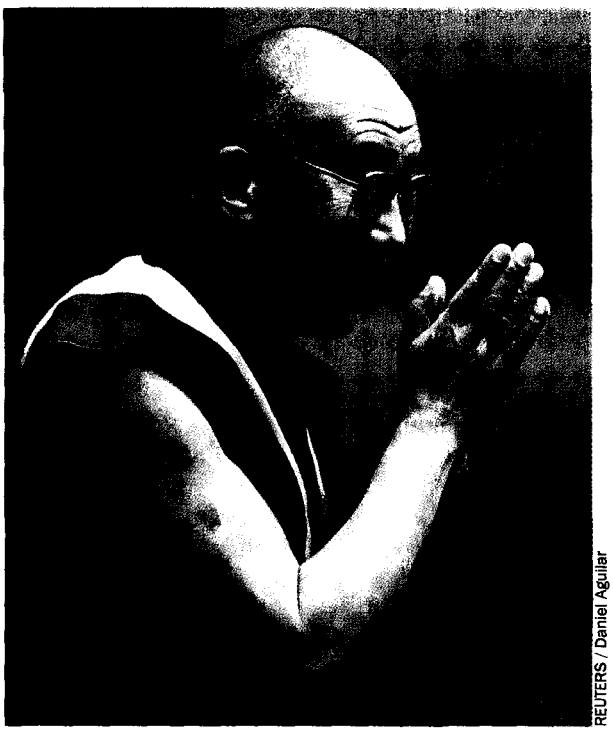
What should be said about such dogmatic assertions, delivered with a finality that no pope or Baptist preacher would wish to match? Well, for starters, that they are intolerant, hypocritical, and wrong.

In claiming that monotheism and reliance on revelation are necessarily terroristic, these secular pundits condemn Christians, Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, Unitarians, Sabeans, and Bahais, to name a few, along with George Washington, James Madison, and a host of other Founding Fathers, as inherently violent. Notice, however, that the condemnation extends also to the revealed monotheistic religion of Islam—and no one objects. Yet when Jerry Falwell and Franklin Graham said that violence is inherent in Islam, they were pilloried by respectable opinion. These days, religious intolerance and theological illiteracy are far more conspicuous in the pages of the *New York Times* than among most southern fundamentalists.

There is also hypocrisy and self-contradiction. Friedman seems blissfully unaware that, even as he condemns others for holding out their particular faith as supreme, he is asserting the supremacy of his own passionately held view. His secularist critique attempts the miraculous combination of denouncing others' faith while attacking those who denounce others' faith. Do not try this trick at home. It should be attempted only by seasoned professionals who lack any capacity for self-criticism or even self-awareness.

However, one can be intolerant and hypocritical—and also correct. The most important thing about these fulminations is that they are utterly, flat out, dead wrong.

Take the vacuous term "fundamentalist." Despite academic efforts to give it content, in practice the word signifies only "someone firmly committed to religious views I do not like." It's an epithet depicting people as abject objects to be labeled rather than listened to, dismissed rather than engaged in discussion.



REUTERS / Daniel Aguilar

The Dalai Lama: dangerous fundamentalist?

It originated as a description of a series of Christian booklets called "The Fundamentals" published between 1910 and 1915 and focused on the nature of biblical criticism. They did not spring from the American South. Canadians, usually Episcopalians, wrote many of them, with additional contributors from Germany, Scotland, Ireland, and England. The first, on "The History of the Higher Criticism," was by Canon Dyson Hague, lecturer in liturgics and ecclesiology, Wycliffe College, Toronto, and examining chaplain to the (Anglican) bishop of Huron. It was followed by "The Bible and Modern Criticism" by F. Bettex, D.D., professor emeritus, Stuttgart, Germany.

The author of "Christ and Criticism" was Sir Robert Anderson, KCB, LLD. As a Knight Commander of the Bath (the third-highest British order of chivalry), he seems a far cry from the fundamentalists H.L. Mencken vilified in the 1920s as "halfwits," "yokels," "rustic ignoramuses," "anthropoid rabble," and "gaping primates of the upland valleys," or even the people the *Washington Post* maligned 70 years later as "largely poor, uneducated, and easy to command."

My work monitoring religious freedom and religious persecution around the world often brings me into contact with "fundamentalists" and "religious extremists." Some of them are indeed the monsters that secularists portray: I have seen enough prisons, killing fields, and bodies, lost enough friends, colleagues, and cases, and fallen asleep in tears on enough silent nights, to have few illusions about the terrors produced by perverted religion (or, for that matter, perverted secularism, which in the last century piled up vastly more corpses than did religious extremism).

But there are also "religious extremists" I remember fondly. One I had the privilege of meeting believes he is the reincarnation of generations of religious leaders and was destined to lead his people. I don't share his views, but I find him wise, with a delightful sense of humor. He is the Dalai Lama.

Jehovah's Witnesses annoy many people by ringing our doorbells while we're having dinner. But the growth of religious freedom in almost every Western country owes much to the Witnesses' peaceful quest to be allowed to be conscientious objectors to military service.

There were Trappist nuns in Java, committed to a life of silence on the

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slopes of a volcano. It surprised me that they were a major source of information about what really goes on in Indonesia, that land of shadows. But, as the mother superior, a New Yorker, explained, "We can't speak, but we can sure read, watch, and listen. If you don't speak, you'd be amazed how much you can learn." No wonder she left Manhattan.

The Dervishes in Turkey, Sufi Muslims, combine their strange, ecstatic, whirling dance with ecumenical spirituality and uncommon grace at being treated as a tourist attraction. Some of their neighbors, Turkish Christians, are reviving the ascetic practice of living, like Simon Stylites, on top of poles. Not my cup of tea, but they're not hurting anyone.

The Amish are as "fanatical" about their religion as Americans get. They use no electricity, no cars, no colorful clothing, and are fierce pacifists, as are many other "fundamentalists." I'm still tempted to go back with them.

Then there are the practitioners of Falun Gong, the Hindu Shankaracharya of Puri, the Hasidim, and so many others with views that would drive American secularists up the wall. All are resolutely peaceful. I disagree with most, and have spent many happy, and frequently frustrating, hours with them discussing life, the universe, and everything. But I have never felt the slightest need to attack them, nor they me.

In the face of this range of beliefs, it is well nigh meaningless to define bin Laden and his ilk as "fundamentalists" or "religious extremists." He may be both, but so are billions of peaceful and gentle people.

The difference is obvious: The key is not bin Laden's conviction or certitude, but *the content of his creed.* We are opposed not to "religious extremists" per se, but only to the type of religious extremists who believe in flying planes into buildings and beheading "infidels."

In doing so we are allied with, and in large part defended by, people secularists label "religious extremists." This includes a significant proportion of the American military, especially the Marine Corps, who are, by most accounts, more evangelical than the population at large. Are the *New York Times* et al. seriously suggesting that the war on Islamofascism is at root a war on people like those in the U.S. armed forces?

In place of such fatuities, American secularists should stop trying to hitch their postmodern prejudices to the war on Islamist terrorism and instead stoop to learn something of the bewildering variety of committed belief. Their insistence on lumping together all religious convictions is bigotry and error, fundamentally so. ♦

The End of a Left-wing Fantasy

There wasn't a huge untapped pool of Democratic voters, after all. BY GERARD ALEXANDER

IT'S NOT DIFFICULT TO DETECT a level of demoralization among some Democrats that can't be explained by the loss of a single presidential election by three points. One reason may be the death, on November 2, of a myth that has long nourished the hopes of the American left —the idea that tens of millions of non-voters (if only they could be turned out) were an ace up their sleeve.

For decades, liberals and progressives pointed out that Americans vote at much lower rates than Europeans. Since non-voting is especially high among groups that normally lean to the left—minorities and those with the lowest incomes and formal education—this meant that the building blocks of a more liberal, even social democratic, politics existed in the United States. But these people (so the thinking went) were excluded from the political process by complicated registration procedures and the failure of parties and candidates to raise issues that motivated them. To many on the left, it was a reassuring image: Outside the political system, looking in, were enough potential voters to swamp conservatives (and moderates for that matter). It meant history was still on their side, since ways would surely be found sooner or later to mobilize these citizens.

Many Democrats shared this belief, which is why they joined progressives in passing the "motor voter" registration law in 1993. Many journalists were believers, too, regularly reporting that high turnout naturally favors Democrats.

But there were always two things wrong with this line of argument. It exaggerated the number of non-voters and it mischaracterized their likely political views. Because turnout ratios are typically calculated as a percentage of all adult residents of the United States, the number of non-voters misleadingly includes millions of people who are not eligible to vote because they're not U.S. citizens or, in many states, because they are convicted felons. There have always been millions fewer non-voters out there to be mobilized than was suggested.

More important, the myth mischaracterized non-voters politically. It's true that minorities and the very poorest Americans have historically voted at disproportionately low rates. But it doesn't follow that the average non-voter falls to the left of the politi-

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cal aisle. For example, U.S. Census Bureau data suggest that non-voters who didn't finish high school at most made up one in five non-voters in 2000. The same data suggest that up to 30 million non-voters in 2000 had either some college education, a bachelor's degree, or an advanced degree. In other words, non-voters included many millions of middle-class Americans. In other cases, the myth-making left politically miscategorized groups that historically voted at low rates. African Americans might vote overwhelmingly Democratic. But politically sluggish young people come close to splitting evenly between Democratic- and Republican-leaning views, despite 1960s memories to the contrary. Hispanics are turning out to be much more politically diverse than some hoped (and others feared), even if we aren't sure exactly how many voted Republican this year. Finally, the ranks of non-voters have also included millions of rural and small-town residents—many of them religious—whose incomes might connote urban poverty but whose political sympathies don't. In sum, it isn't obvious at all that most non-voters would be heavily inclined to support left-of-center candidates if they entered a polling place.

The 2004 election results bear this out and may lay the myth permanently to rest. The campaign caused a healthy increase in turnout, but at least as many of the new voters cast Republican ballots as Democratic ones. Nationwide, voters increased from about 105 million in 2000 to somewhere near 120 million this year. That's a rise in turnout from about 56 percent to around 61 percent of eligible voters. In some of the battleground states, participation increases were even more impressive. In Ohio, turnout went from 57 percent in 2000 to about 66 percent this year; in Florida from about 55 percent to 66 percent; and in Minnesota from 67 percent to nearly 75 percent. (These percentages are calculated from Census Bureau population numbers for 2000 and estimates for 2003—assuming a steady percentage of each state's non-citizens and felons over 18 since the 2000 census.)

And if we compare how many votes George W. Bush added to his 2000 totals with how many John Kerry added to Al Gore's 2000 total, it's clear that Bush gained heavily among these new voters, even though Kerry had the easy pickup of many former Naderites to his totals. Bush won nearly as many new votes as Kerry did in Ohio, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. And Bush won a fifth to a quarter *more* new votes than Kerry did in Virginia and Pennsylvania, half again more than Kerry in Florida, nearly twice as many in Missouri, and over three times as many in West Virginia. In these and many other states, it turns out that the non-voting population has contained many people who can easily vote Republican. Karl Rove famously concluded this after the 2000 election. This time around, the GOP identified millions of "lazy" Republican voters who needed to be mobilized into showing up on Election Day.

There is a good chance that highly motivated and well-funded get-out-the-vote efforts have wrung from the electorate about as many votes as they plausibly can.

Of course, even with the increases of 2004, the ranks of non-voters *still* number up to 75 million. But the other lesson of the 2004 election is that it's not clear how many more votes can practically be wrung from the eligible population. There are several reasons for the non-voting that remains, and none of them is likely to go away anytime soon. That's true of both the reasons that liberal and progressive strategists have traditionally stressed: onerous registration procedures and election campaigns that don't appeal to non-voters. It is difficult to imagine a future election campaign conducted with higher levels of energy and publicity than this year's. Certainly the campaign *against* Bush united and motivated liberals and progressives to an unprecedented degree. Handsomely funded pro-Kerry groups like America Coming Together absorbed virtually all the costs of registering and voting in many states. They poured tens of millions of dollars into bringing forms to people's doors, helping to fill them out and turn them in. It's not clear that they can mobilize many more voters than they did this year in states like Ohio and Florida, though they will surely try. And where is there any other low-hanging liberal electoral fruit these days? Despite stereotypes, for example, voting rates among eligible African Americans have been steadily approaching those of whites.

Another reason for non-voting is lower turnout rates in non-battleground states. But since they won't shift national election outcomes, these potential votes aren't an ace up anyone's sleeve, liberal or conservative. Finally, the remaining non-voting population includes many who are in no position to vote (remember that the adult population includes millions of people with mental disabilities) as well as people who remain—at least to political junkies of all stripes—mystifyingly disengaged from politics no matter what's on the ballot.

We can all hope for even greater participation in 2008. But there is a good chance that highly motivated and well-funded get-out-the-vote efforts have wrung from the electorate about as many votes as they plausibly can, at least in the battleground states that decide elections. That might explain why a number of liberal commentators have been blaming Bush's reelection not on people not showing up to the polls but on the "ignorance" and "stupidity" of the many who did turn out. A myth has just died. And some of its former adherents, at least, seem to know it. ♦

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Enough Brinksmanship

Rethink nuclear nonproliferation, before it's too late. BY HENRY SOKOLSKI

As the United States and its allies give Tehran its fifth chance in nearly two years to suspend activities that could bring it within weeks of having enough enriched uranium for a large arsenal, the question arises: Isn't there a better way to prevent states from getting nuclear weapons? The answer is yes, but only if we and our partners are willing to be much more aggressive in adapting existing nonproliferation efforts to today's threats.

The key problem is that our current policy concedes too much. Iran, for instance, asserts that it has the right under the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty to come within weeks of building a bomb, and we do not publicly contest this. Instead, Britain, France, and Germany, in their latest one-last-chance offer, are pleading with Tehran not to exercise the right it claims. In exchange for an Iranian pledge to suspend certain nuclear fuel-making activities, the three propose to guarantee Tehran not only a supply of fresh light-water-reactor fuel for its just-completed power reactor at Bushehr, but also more such reactors and improved trade relations as well.

If this sounds like an invitation to nuclear mischief, it is. First, the fuel that the European Three would guarantee could itself be used to accelerate the making of a bomb. Fresh, lightly enriched light-water-reactor fuel is far closer to being bomb grade than is natural uranium. If Iran were to seize the fuel and divert it—as it probably could without IAEA inspectors' immediate knowledge—Iran could reduce five-fold the level of effort it would need to make bomb-grade material: With the centrifuges Iran admits having, it could make a bomb's worth of fuel in roughly nine weeks as opposed to a year. This suggests that the IAEA's current cycle of inspections at Bushehr—once every three months—is woefully inadequate.

Second, so long as Iran and other aspiring bomb-makers have a right to pursue all the activities necessary to get them within days of a bomb, they will have the upper hand in negotiations. Certainly, with Iran's enrichment facilities in place and its right to operate them uncontested, Tehran could suspend enrichment operations—as it has just agreed to do—and yet be free to resume them any time it wants. The worry now is that Iran will simply buy time with the European Three, to push for permission to exercise its right to enrich while building up its covert capabilities to do so.

This, in essence, is the fatal flaw in our approach to nonproliferation: We and our partners are still much more willing to defend the right to make nuclear weapons-usable materials than we are to read the rules so as to deny it.

This needs to change. Certainly, the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, which was negotiated in 1968, qualifies the right of non-weapons states to develop nuclear energy: They may not use nuclear-energy technology to make nuclear arms. This is forbidden by the treaty's stricture against non-weapons states' acquiring the bomb.

Nor is there a right under the treaty to develop and use civilian nuclear energy except for peaceful purposes. What is peaceful? First, the nuclear activity must be logically linked to the production of some good that is either technically necessary or economically beneficial. Enriching uranium or reprocessing spent fuel in nations that have few nuclear reactors (like Iran and North Korea) is neither necessary nor economical and, as such, should be suspect. Similarly, large reactors for nations that have easy access to less risky, more economical alternatives (such as cheap, natural-gas-fired power plants or zero-power research reactors) should raise alarm bells.

Second, any peaceful nuclear activity must be capable of being safeguarded as the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty defines the term. This casts suspicion on any activity that can quickly lead to the production of bomb fuel or bombs, since in such cases periodic inspections cannot prevent the diversion of nuclear energy from peaceful uses to weapons. By the time a nuclear theft were detected—and with high-volume facilities, it might never be—it would be too late to prevent the construction of a bomb.

Even light-water power reactors present a safeguard challenge. A lengthy technical study just released by my center details the proliferation risks these plants present. Written by three experts on power reactors, nuclear chemistry, and nuclear weapons design, it concludes that today, nations can build small, covert enrichment and reprocessing plants relatively easily. These plants could process fresh and spent light-water-reactor fuel into bomb material well within the time between IAEA inspectors' routine visits. As long as real-time surveillance of these reactors and this fuel is not required—and so far, it is not—aspiring bomb-makers will be able to divert it without tipping off the IAEA.

Henry Sokolski is executive director of the Nonproliferation Policy Education Center and editor of Getting MAD: Nuclear Mutual Assured Destruction, Its Origins and Practice *(U.S. Army War College, 2004).*

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All of this suggests that we need to start insisting on what the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty already requires. A good place to begin would be to reject the claim of Germany, Iran, Brazil, South Africa, and others that the treaty gives members a right to the entire nuclear fuel cycle. This has become conventional wisdom. But historically and logically, it's wrong.

When the finishing touches were being put on the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty, Mexico and Spain separately attempted to modify it to require nuclear states to share civilian nuclear technology and assure members access to the entire technology of reactors and fuels. Both amendments were rejected, and with cause. What point would there be to a nonproliferation treaty if it encouraged states to acquire unnecessary, unsafeguardable nuclear technology that could bring them within days of possessing a nuclear arsenal? The question answers itself. That's why the United States and its key partners have always been concerned about the spread of reprocessing and enrichment plants and why they have worried about certain states' acquisition of power and large research reactors.

Now that these technologies are spreading to would-be bomb-makers, the challenge is to safeguard nuclear power where it makes sense and proscribe it where it does not. One useful approach is to apply market economics. Could Brazil, Algeria, Iran, or North Korea secure private funding for their nuclear projects? All of them claim that their nuclear programs are producing peaceful benefits. If so, shouldn't there be sufficient profit from them to attract private investors? The answer is no, since nonnuclear alternatives could produce the benefits sooner for far less cost. That these nations prefer nuclear projects to the safer, more economical alternatives is itself instructive.

Of course, whatever we ask of poorer nations, we should be willing to do ourselves. Germany and Britain have looked at the economics of their state-supported commercial nuclear programs and decided to phase them out. France and Japan should also reconsider what they are doing, especially with regard to their state-supported reprocessing programs (which President Bush has called totally unnecessary). Even the United States, which subsidizes nuclear power with government insurance and funding of commercial-sized nuclear facilities, export loan guarantees, and the like, would do well to cut the federal cord.

As for the nuclear facilities that remain, the IAEA needs to be much more watchful. At a minimum, to monitor large reactors, it should use full-time, on-site inspectors and real-time, wide-area cameras. This will cost money, but the agency could charge a reasonable user fee to raise the needed cash. In addition, the IAEA needs to reassess what is safeguardable under what circumstances. Any honest review should lead to a recommendation that for the next few decades no nation undertake to reprocess or to bring new enrichment plants on line. Beyond this, the United States and its partners should lead an effort to ban the redeployment of nuclear weapons from one country's soil onto another's in peacetime (notably from Pakistan to Saudi Arabia) and the international shipment of nuclear weapons-usable materials (including from North Korea to anyone) unless these shipments are necessary to dispose of the materials. President Bush's Proliferation Security Initiative could be adapted to enforce such bans.

Given the horrors of September 11, 2001, the danger of nuclear terrorism, and the prospect of numerous Irans just a screwdriver turn away from an arsenal of bombs, it's time the United States and its partners promoted a bolder deal than the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty of 35 years ago. Instead of trading peaceful nuclear technology for mere promises not to acquire nuclear weapons, the United States and like-minded nations should offer intelligence and advanced technology to help nations secure their borders against nuclear leakage and dangerous imports. They should also offer the developing world access to newer, safer nonnuclear energy alternatives.

In exchange, nations would be asked to back the nuclear restraints described, restraints that any sane reading of existing rules should require. Such a Nuclear Security Initiative might, in time, be formalized in a treaty. Until then, it ought to be promoted to give backbone and direction to the Nuclear Nonproliferation Treaty and its enforcement mechanisms—starting with Iran. ♦

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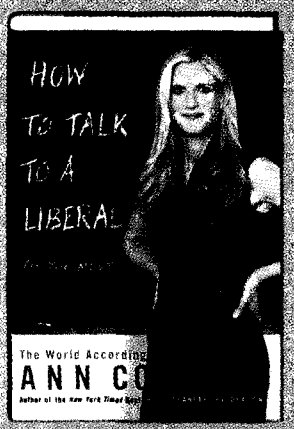

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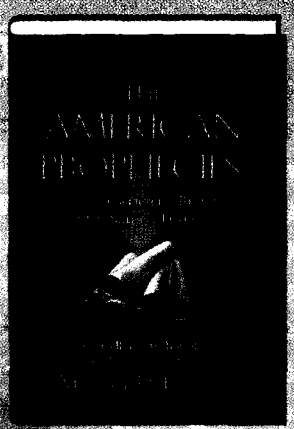

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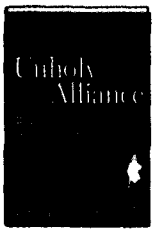

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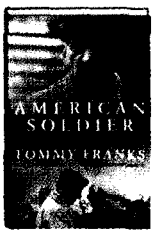

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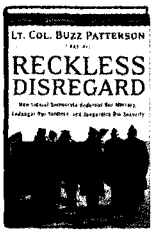

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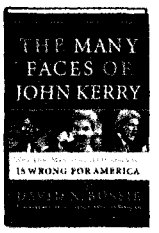

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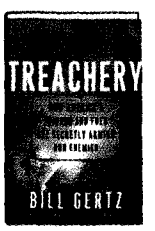

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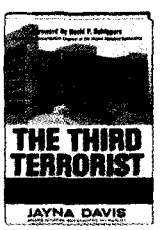

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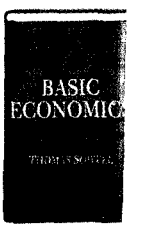

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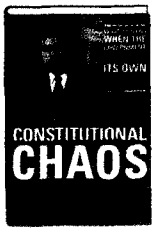

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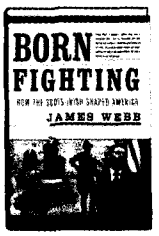

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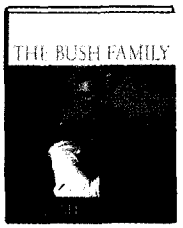

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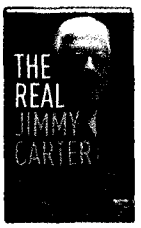

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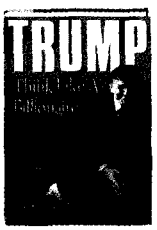

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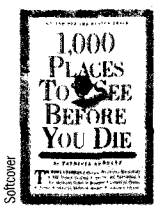

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Arafat Dies, Israel Yawns

Will a historic opportunity be missed?

BY TOM ROSE

Jerusalem

IN ISRAEL, the Arafat deathwatch elicited nothing so much as apathy. Israelis were far more interested in news reports of the overflight of northern Israel by an unmanned Iranian spy drone operated from Lebanon—and slightly more interested in the resignation ultimatum issued, then retracted, by Finance Minister Benjamin Netanyahu—than they were in Yasser Arafat's impending demise.

Those Israelis who did care to hear the latest rumor before it was denied mostly learned it from the Fox News Channel. And the tabloids made hay with the soap opera aspects of the drama, like the public spat between Mrs. Arafat and the triumvirate of Palestinian leaders angling to assume control of Arafat's ill-gotten billions. But for the most part, the Arafat story rated less interest in Zion than in Zionsville, Indiana.

Now that it has arrived, the post-Arafat era—which Israelis always said would allow a new start in Israeli-Palestinian relations—seems to have caught many of them simply indifferent. While nonchalance may be a prerequisite for sanity in this volatile region, Israel's collective detachment from an event with such profound implications for the nation must raise questions.

For all their domestic boasting about how well prepared they are for this moment, Israelis seem long on tactics and short on strategy. The defense establishment is more than capable of meeting any tactical military contingencies sparked by Arafat's demise, but the Israeli public and leaders have scarcely debated the strategic challenges it occasions, let alone reached any consensus as to how to proceed.

The agenda for the cabinet meeting of November 7 included an extensive military discussion led by Defense Minister Shaul Mofaz, who warned of "spontaneous violence" inside the Palestinian Authority and an upsurge in attempts to perpetrate terrorist attacks inside Israel—promptly followed by a spirited debate about banking legislation. Not a word about what Israel should do to strengthen the prospects for improving relations with the Palestinians, as they undergo the first leadership change in the history of their national movement.

Curiously, whereas America tends toward global overreach, deliberately seeking to influence events and trends, Israel tends toward regional underreach. Its inclination is to underestimate its power, to see itself as reactive. Not being strong enough to initiate positive changes, Israel limits its range of options to its reactions to the deeds of others. Two thousand years of accusations that the Jews control everything have left Israelis convinced that they can't control anything.

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Given all that Arafat destroyed—the lives taken by modern terrorism, the hopes dashed when he led millions of Palestinians to water but would not let them drink—it's hard to imagine that his death could herald anything but better times. Yet finding an Israeli optimist is no easy task. Unlike Americans or Europeans, who assume massive change will result from Arafat's death, Israelis expect more of the same.

Israelis do not necessarily believe movements need leaders to grow in strength or malignancy. All around them are examples of Jewish religious sects, political movements, even Zionism itself, that have survived and prospered in the wake of their founders' deaths. Israel's ultra-Orthodox world consists of dozens of sects, each of which was created by a larger than life personality called a "rebbe." It is characteristic of these sects that they never replace their founding rebbe, they never countenance any change in their core beliefs or values, and they always seem to grow larger. Some have been around for hundreds of years. If these sects of Jews can carry on unchanged without leaders or new policies, why should the PLO not do the same?

Unchallenged is the notion that Israel must have no role in the looming Palestinian power struggle. As a result, a genuine opportunity to influence the future may be slipping away. Rather than stating clearly that it will never allow Palestinian society to descend into total chaos, or permit another dictator to take Arafat's place, Israel seems to be encouraging Egypt to step into the power vacuum.

This strategic void vis-à-vis the Palestinians shows that the Israelis have not learned the very antiterror lesson they have taught others at great cost: The Palestinians cannot rid themselves of terrorists until they rid themselves of dictators.

The Oslo peace process proved a failure because it embraced the fatal premise that it wasn't freedom the Palestinians needed to build peace with Israel, it was a strong dictator. Whether Israel will now repeat its mistake of 1993, when it actively resuscitated Arafat from his near political death and granted him both a fiefdom and the means to dominate it—or merely allow others to do essentially the same—hardly matters.

Democracy is more than elections, it is a state of mind. Arafat never sought democracy. Instead of working to earn Palestinian popular support, he extorted it by violence. Arafat's death should offer a chance for something better. ♦

A Country with No Politics

Qatar's liberalization has been greatly exaggerated. BY STEVEN A. COOK

THE DAY AFTER the small Gulf state of Qatar promulgated a new constitution in late September, its ruler addressed the United Nations General Assembly. The emir, Sheikh Hamad bin Khalifa al-Thani, made a forceful case for political liberalization in the Middle East, even challenging fellow Arab leaders to refrain from using the Israeli-Palestinian conflict as a pretext for postponing reform. No wonder Sheikh al-Thani is the darling of the Bush administration.

Unfortunately, rather than a bastion of liberal reform, Qatar is actually a bundle of contradictions. While in practice its citizens enjoy greater personal and political freedom than ever before, the regime is nowhere near a democratic breakthrough. Rather, it remains the personal fiefdom of the al-Thani family, and their rule is absolute.

The present emir, who seized power from his father in 1995, has transformed his desert backwater into a gleaming city-state. Unlike Cairo with its 7,000 years of dust and charm, the Qatari capital, Doha, is antiseptic—clean, orderly, over air-conditioned, and altogether reminiscent of a well-to-do enclave in South Florida. "Well-to-do," however, hardly does it justice. Qatar is a gold-plated plastic country sitting on the world's third-largest deposit of natural gas.

With the help of some great press, Qatar has become the "little Gulf state that could," outpacing its Arab brethren in political, economic, and technological development. The emir likes to be seen as a man of the people. For a *60 Minutes* piece in August 2003, he drove himself along Doha's corniche waving to the locals with Ed Bradley riding shotgun. For all its Wahhabi tradition, Qatar cultivates the image of a friendly, liberalizing Arab state whose benevolent leadership is standing publicly with the United States—in stark contrast to its seemingly feckless and mercurial neighbor, Saudi Arabia.

If Qatar's gas deposits are the source of its wealth, Al Jazeera is the principal source of its current renown. Launched in 1996, this pioneering Arabic television network has become a phenomenon, breaking down barriers in the Middle East and spawning copycats such as Dubai's Al Arabia. Yet what the innumerable and breathless books and articles about it tend to overlook is that Al Jazeera is not independent. Qataris like to boast that theirs is the only Arab country to have abolished

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EPA / Landov

Future non-voters? Qatari girls in Doha.

its Ministry of Information—but their last minister of information, Sheikh Hamid bin Tamir, is chairman of the board of Al Jazeera, Qatar-TV, and Qatar radio. Al Jazeera is not even financially independent. It relies overwhelmingly on government largesse, and only marginally on advertising. "Whoever said we were independent?" asks one Al Jazeera producer. "People just assumed this."

Like other Arab media, too, Al Jazeera lives within clear red lines: The emir, his family, and events in Qatar are off-limits. Officials in Doha, average Qataris, and Al Jazeera employees all explain away the news blackout. "Qatar is so small," they say, "nothing of interest to the rest of the Arab world goes on here." This sounds disingenuous, given the Qataris' diligent efforts to project a progressive image. In the last few years, Qatar has hosted and funded several high-profile international conferences on democratization, economic reform, and investment opportunities in the region, all intended to spotlight Qatar's ostensible progress in these areas.

And, indeed, there has been positive change. A Central Municipal Council was elected in March 1999. And the new constitution—approved overwhelmingly in a referendum in April 2003—provides for a 45-seat *Shura* council, two-thirds of whose members are to be elected. The constitution also promises individual freedoms and an independent judiciary. Nevertheless, under Article 64 of the constitution, the emir is "inviolable and . . . must be respected by all." He has the power to appoint one-third of the *Shura* council, dissolve that body, issue decrees with the force of law, and determine the state budget with only limited input from the legislature. And these provisions of the constitution are not subject to amendment.

Then again, how much does institutional liberalization really matter in a country with no politics? Competition over the control and distribution of resources is nonexistent. Qatar's wealth is spread liberally among the approximately 150,000 Qatari citizens, giving them the highest per capita income in the world, estimated between $20,000 and $30,000. (The 400,000 or so foreign workers who do almost all the work in Qatar are excluded.) As a result, most Qatari citizens are content.

The highest elected official in the country confirms this. He insists there are no political issues of burning interest to his constituents. Ibrahim Haydous, president of the Central Municipal Council, says the establishment of the council was a "landmark event intended to give Qataris a voice" on matters like infrastructure, agriculture, and health care. But the council has little authority. It can invite ministers to answer questions, but cannot compel the government to act. According to Haydous, there has been no conflict between the council and the government.

A diligent search does turn up at least one Qatari willing to criticize the government. Hassan Mullah al-Jefeiri, a businessman with interests in jewelry, tourism, and automobiles, is upset about the misuse of state revenues. Qatar, he says, is "living off high oil prices, which are connected to gas. But oil prices also go down—many Qataris do not understand this. It is like your Internet bubble."

Al-Jefeiri accuses the government of squandering resources on politics—that is, on Al Jazeera—at the expense of education, health care, and infrastructure (among the best in the Arab world). "Do you know of any Qatari doctors or engineers?" he asks. When reminded of the "Education City" the government has built in Doha, al-Jefeiri concedes it is a start, but remains skeptical that the outposts of Cornell University Medical Center, Virginia Commonwealth University, Carnegie Mellon, and Texas A&M clustered there will actually benefit Qataris.

Yet even al-Jefeiri is wary of anything resembling political parties or a real parliament. Nor does he consider himself a dissident. "I am happy, but I could be happier," he says. "I could not say the things I am saying five years ago, but I am concerned about Qatar's future."

Qatar is clearly not Syria, or even the Qatar of a decade ago, but it is no model of reform for Arab countries. Its wealth, spread liberally among its small population, tends to defuse political dissent. This is simply not possible for a country like Egypt or even Saudi Arabia. In addition, although Qatar has made progress, the substance of its political reforms has been limited. Perhaps in time the gap between image and reality will narrow. But even with its new constitution, Qatar remains a far cry from a democratic beacon. ♦

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Arafat's True Legacy

He made terrorism respectable

By Mario Loyola

At his death, Yasser Arafat was viewed in Europe—always his most important constituency outside the Middle East—as the humble and pitiable leader of the dispossessed Palestinian people. But this image does little justice to the magnitude of his achievements. Arafat was the father of modern terrorism, and leaves behind a people ruined almost beyond salvation, a West divided against itself, and a global conflict that may last generations.

Nobody could have predicted how fitting his last days would be. The story that played out at Percy Hospital in Paris was the story of his life: a farce wrapped in lies and manipulations. His estranged wife Suha, a Palestinian Christian who lives luxuriously in Paris, suddenly appeared at his bedside to take control of all access, information, and, apparently, his life support. What happened next was pure Venezuelan soap opera. She refused to allow him to be taken off life support or declared dead unless the Palestinian Authority her husband had systematically looted guaranteed her pension. On Al Jazeera, she hysterically accused former and current Palestinian prime ministers Abbas and Qureia of conspiring to bury her husband alive. Privately she demanded that her maintenance be fixed according to the last payment she received from Arafat, a brazen act of extortion that won her a commitment of perhaps $20 million a year. No worries: If the PA remains true to Arafat's form, the agreement is worthless.

Probity, alas, was not high on the list of Yasser Arafat's qualities. While there is propaganda to the effect that he was Palestinian, there is no evidence he was anything but an Egyptian. In fact, there is little evidence that he ever set foot in the occupied territories until 1994. The story of his life until then bears retelling.

It begins in Cairo, where Arafat was born in 1929 and grew up to become an avid activist at the university. Enchanted by the struggle for Algerian independence, Arafat resolved to fight for the liberation of Palestine, and founded Fatah in the late 1950s. His inspiration was Frantz Fanon, the psychiatrist-turned-hero of the Algerian war, who argued that a weak rebel force could defeat any colonial power by a simple stratagem: Goad the occupier into reprisals against civilians, and civilians will join the rebellion *en masse*. But for Fanon, as for his leftist intellectual patrons, violence was more than a strategy of liberation: It was a kind of exalted freedom in and of itself. "Violence," he wrote, "is a cleansing force. It frees the native from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect." Arafat embraced this ethic. As he showed throughout his career, it was violence itself that mattered—whatever the results.

Fanon's patrons weren't just café revolutionaries in Paris. The Soviets realized that the Fanon formula was good for starting all sorts of wars. With Moscow's encouragement, Fatah found a home in the camps of the Syrian army, where its fighters were trained and equipped. During the 1960s, endless cross-border incursions by the Fatah *fedayeen* provoked Israel into a pattern of escalating retaliations. As the Arab world became increasingly enraged, Moscow sensed the opportunity to seize control of the eastern Mediterranean at long last. It organized a military coalition of Arab states aimed at the final destruction of Israel.

Israel's offensive in the Six Day War of 1967 broke like a clap of thunder and shattered the Arab armies massing on her borders. It also brought under Israeli military control several million Palestinians who had been living since 1948 as permanent refugees in the Jordanian West Bank and Egyptian Gaza Strip. It was the first of many conflicts that would benefit Arafat politically, and bring nothing but misery to the Palestinians.

Immediately after the war, Fatah infiltrated the occupied territories to continue the struggle underground. And just as quickly, Arafat realized that there was a problem. The Israelis moved to consolidate their control of the occupied territories but sought to make the transformation palatable to the Palestinians by employing them in public works projects and opening

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job opportunities for them in Israel proper. They hoped to integrate the Palestinians of the occupied territories into a Greater Israel, securing natural, defensible borders, and offering them the same peaceful coexistence of Arab and Jew that already existed within Israel proper. It would have been easy at that point for the Palestinians to obtain a greater degree of liberty, self-rule, and affluence than they could possibly enjoy in Syria or Jordan.

For Arafat, this was unacceptable. Dispossession and humiliation made peaceful coexistence impossible. Violence was the only permissible strategy of liberation. So Arafat set about recreating in Palestine the Fanon approach in the Algerian war. As the FLN had done when confronted with the appeal of Albert Camus and similar voices of moderation, Arafat struck directly at the roots of peaceful coexistence. Fatah and its sister groups murdered Jews and Arabs alike, in the industrial zones that straddled the internal borders, at the markets where Palestinians and Jews sold their produce side by side, and at the bus terminals where hungry Palestinians waited to be taken to and from work in Israel. The hoped-for reprisals were not long in coming, and the Palestinians began to turn increasingly against Israel. Arafat succeeded in shattering any hope for peace.

But unlike the French in Algeria, Israel didn't have the option of extricating itself from the occupied territories. The pre-1967 borders were untenable, as Arafat himself had demonstrated. Israel depended for its life on a forward and aggressive defensive posture. Indeed, even that might not suffice: Israel was nearly destroyed a few years later in the 1973 Yom Kippur War—another Soviet-aided operation that would prove a boon to Arafat and a disaster for "his" people.

In the aftermath of the Yom Kippur War, Arafat cemented his grip on the Palestine Liberation Organization, and gathered under its umbrella all the contending extremist Palestinian groups. Defeated on the battlefield, they made terrorism the unifying approach of their struggle, and it matured into the form in which we know it today: terror as both means and end.

But Arafat's strategy went far beyond spectacular murders of the innocent. He also realized that the most important dimension of his struggle was in the arena of international opinion, especially in Europe. This is where he apparently broke with his PLO comrade Abu Nidal, who saw no reason for interrupting the ecstasy of violence with lots of talk—least of all, talk with corrupt Western governments.

The myth of Arafat has it that he was unable to control the forces he had unleashed. But in a pattern that was forever to bedevil the "peace process," Arafat would publicly distance himself from terrorism, while claiming that Israeli policies made it impossible for him to control extremist tendencies. In fact, had he tried to control those tendencies, he would have succeeded or he would have been murdered. In either case, indefinite coexistence with "rival" factions would have been impossible. The very fact of his political longevity gives the lie to Arafat's contrived image of noble weakness. He survived in a political landscape of thugs and murderers because they all knew that he was one of them, and that he was the boss. A weak man would not have survived.

Yet in order to succeed, he had to contrive every appearance of weakness. There, he enjoyed both talent and technique: The Soviets who trained him as a terrorist also trained him as a propagandist. He moved fast to use the channels they opened up for him among the trade unions, universities, and political parties of Europe. Under his direction, the PLO deployed a massive "grass-roots" propaganda operation there, culminating in the hero's welcome he received when—preposterously comparing himself to George Washington and Abraham Lincoln—he addressed the United Nations General Assembly in 1974.

His greatest propaganda victory was on Europe's university campuses, where Fatah replaced the Viet Cong as the most popular liberation movement. The effect on the left was amazing. In just one generation, they went from championing the socialist utopia of Israel's *kibbutzim* to regarding Israel as an archetype of imperial colonialism and capitalist oppression. Against nearly insurmountable obstacles of plain fact, Arafat succeeded in creating the image that Israel was the racist aggressor. This image, the dominant view in Europe today, has always been a fantasy. And the consequences were to prove historic: By embracing Arafat as the hero of a liberation movement, the Europeans legitimized his methods. Arafat tapped into latent anti-Semitism, which permitted the Europeans to view anti-Israeli terrorism as somehow different from terrorism generally. But the terrorists, as we know, make no such distinctions.

It is crucial to grasp that for all the suffering Arafat brought to Israel, his "leadership" brought even greater suffering to the West Bank and Gaza Palestinians. Making Israel pay in blood for every extension of freedom to the Palestinians, Arafat stuck doggedly to the Fanon formula. But he never succeeded in his aim of leading a war of liberation. His strategy of unleashing the power

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of the people by goading Israel into reprisals against civilians indeed caused civilian casualties—but that's all it produced. In the meantime, any Palestinians who still sought peaceful coexistence with Israel were either sidelined or murdered.

As the world holds its breath to see who—and what—will succeed Arafat, we should consider how little the Palestinian people will owe to him if their lot should improve. If, on the other hand, another generation of Palestinians seeks redemption through hatred and senseless violence, Arafat will deserve all the credit. He designed a political structure to produce chaos and conflict, ostensibly to liberate the people. In fact, it proved capable of producing only chaos and conflict—that, and a steady stream of guilt money from Europe, much of which Arafat diverted to himself and his cronies. The subsidies from Europe—and from the U.N. and U.S. taxpayers—to the Palestinian Authority amounted to billions of dollars over the past decade. His personal fortune at death was reliably estimated to exceed a billion dollars.

EPA / Pavel Wolberg

A Palestinian boy at Arafat's funeral

Arafat's seduction of Europe bore its ultimate fruit not in the Middle East but in Stockholm, where in 1994 he shared the Nobel Peace Prize with Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres. The prize proved a triumph of hope over experience. Armed now with unparalleled prestige, he led the world on an elusive chase for a final peace settlement with Israel that culminated at Camp David in July 2000. There Arafat, publicly all smiles, embarrassed the Clinton administration and pulled the rug out from under well-meaning Israelis by summarily rejecting the best peace deal the Palestinians would ever be offered. Arafat simply couldn't abide an end to the conflict. Violence had been his life. It was the only tool of liberation that meant anything to him, and it was the only one he could honestly offer his people. Months later, on the thinnest of pretexts, he unleashed the second *intifada*. This was not a real war of liberation, at least not one Palestinians could win. It was terror for terror's sake. But appearances no longer mattered. For Arafat, violence had become eschatological.

If Arafat failed again in Palestine, he was still successful in supposedly enlightened quarters in the West. Al Qaeda's successful recruiting in the mosques and universities of Europe would have been unthinkable without the governing elites' generation-long love affair with Arafat, but al Qaeda, thankfully, has never absorbed the deep lesson of Arafat's career—that a nod in the direction of diplomacy and a friendly demeanor make terrorism more powerful, not less. Arafat so thoroughly hypnotized Europe's elites—*blame the victims, blame the Jews*—that it may take *them* a generation to recover. Fifty years after General de Gaulle understood that terrorism was a religion of murderers pure and simple, Jacques Chirac now shamelessly proclaims that the sources of terrorism are the Israeli and American occupation of Arab lands. And it's not calculated for advantage, like almost everything else he says. He actually believes it.

For Europe's leaders to so deeply confuse cause and effect bodes ill for the struggle against terrorism. In Europe little effort has been made to integrate large Muslim populations. Those populations are growing increasingly resentful of Western culture, and are easily attracted to the ideology of violence that is today freely taught in all the best universities of Europe. That Europe became a breeding ground for terrorists—that the leaders of the 9/11 cells were the product of European universities—this also is Yasser Arafat's legacy, and the legacy endures.

From fertile incubation in Europe to the furthest reaches of the Muslim world, a new liberation theology has emerged. Arafat taught an entire generation of Muslims that Terrorism is Power. What might be the antidote for that poisonous idea? After 50 years of poisoning the world—and most of all his own people—Arafat left the stage last week, a depressing symbol of modern-day Palestine. The people he left behind will find true liberation only if they can transcend the senseless violence that he falsely insisted was their only hope. ♦

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An Alliance of Two

Bush, Blair, and the problem of Europe

By Irwin M. Stelzer

"Prime Minister Blair wants to talk about Iraq, and we want to talk about Iran. Which is why we allocated two days to his meeting with the president," one high-level Bush official told me in advance of the Anglo-American summit last week. So all was not sweetness and light, probably a plus for Tony Blair, eager to be seen as an equal with his own agenda, rather than as "Bush's poodle," as it has become the habit of lefties in his party, and increasingly wobbly-on-the-war Tories, to dub him. Bush's praise—"a statesman . . . visionary leader . . . unshakable convictions"—will do Blair no good at home.

Still, it would be difficult to imagine two men with views more in sync. They came together with different but related mandates. The British prime minister has a mandate from his parliamentary party to persuade the president to throw his weight behind a renewed push for peace between the Israelis and the Palestinians. George W. Bush has a mandate from his electorate to win the war on terror. Each got what he wanted.

Blair got the president to agree to spend some of his ample political capital to bring the Israelis and Palestinians to the table, the president saying that the death of Yasser Arafat might provide a "new opening for peace," and that the United States will help the Palestinians organize free elections so that they can have a democratic, terror-free state. But no international conference until the Palestinians opt for democracy. Blair can now claim he has gotten a commitment from the president to reengage in the Middle East "peace process." And Bush got Blair to renew his commitment to use Britain's effective military and his own soaring rhetoric to support Iraq's efforts to conduct a reasonably democratic election early in 2005, and to promise to continue to press Iran's mullahs to abandon their nuclear ambitions. (Though the president refused to say what he would do if the Europeans failed to persuade the Iranian regime to abandon the development of nuclear weapons.)

The social democrat prime minister and the compassionate conservative president probably don't agree on how to combat crime or meet the health care needs of their constituents, but when it comes to foreign policy they are almost as one. Blair is convinced that Britain's long-term interests are served by a firm alliance with the United States; Bush believes it is in America's interests to preserve the special relationship.

But that alone is not what is driving this relationship. As Blair made clear in a speech in Chicago in 1999, he believes that it is Britain's obligation to assist in spreading democracy and Western values around the world, and sees that as the ultimate defense against terrorism. He is with America in Iraq not only to maintain the Anglo-American alliance, but out of a conviction that Bush is right to attempt to build a stable, model democracy in a region in which stability and democracy are in short supply. Put these two resolute, conviction politicians together and you get the sort of leadership that has succeeded in attracting other nations to their banner. So close are the views of Tony Blair and George Bush that it is not unreasonable to say that we are all neoconservatives now. Here's Blair on the subject:

> When the Americans say we want to extend democracy to these countries, or extend democracy and human rights throughout the Middle East in the Greater Middle East Initiative, people say, well, that is part of the neoconservative agenda. Actually, if you put it in different language, it is a progressive agenda.

At last week's meeting, their 22nd but the first since the June NATO summit in Istanbul, the president and the prime minister might not have had before them decisions as globally significant as those faced by their famous predecessors, Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill. And no matter how warm their relations—Blair tells me that Bush is one of the most intelligent and trustworthy politicians with whom he has ever dealt, and Bush repeatedly makes clear his admiration for Blair's steely steadfastness and reliability—they are not having anything like the love affair that blossomed whenever Ronald Reagan met Margaret Thatcher. But the Bush-Blair meetings are in the

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long tradition of the get-togethers of their famous predecessors: These face-to-face meetings provide the glue that holds the relationship together—regular video conferences aren't quite the same thing.

Blair now must prepare his own reelection campaign—and try to persuade his European colleagues that "The [U.S.] election has happened, America has spoken, the rest of the world should listen." France, Germany, Spain, and others are in a "state of denial," he says. They must adjust to the reality of four more years of George W. Bush, and at minimum "start . . . a sensible debate about why people in America feel as they do." Blair scored points with his European critics by getting the president to declare that he would work to deepen transatlantic ties, and would visit Europe soon after his inauguration.

Bush is smart enough to know that such a trip is unlikely to ease tensions with the Europeans, who already have made clear how they plan to adjust to four more years of Bush. This adjustment will occur not because Europeans have suddenly fallen in love with the gun-toting, abortion-hating, hang-'em-high, antiterrorist, toxic Texan. Far from it: Their disdain for everything from his syntax to his religiosity remains undiluted. Nor is it that they expect a second term to bring out the conciliatory side of the president's nature: Colin Powell, Europe's favorite American diplomat, made it clear last week that the president has no intention of abandoning his "aggressive" foreign policy, and that he shares Bush's view that the challenges facing the world need "to be dealt with by the nation with the most power in the world."

Rather, European elites see the antipathy of their citizens to the American president as a decided asset in their fight to forge the "ever closer union" for which they have been striving for decades. It has long been the goal of France to create a counterweight to the American hegemon, a goal that can only be achieved by persuading other nations to sign on to a common foreign and security policy. Germany, terrified of the foreign policies it has found attractive in the past when left to its own devices, has also favored a common European foreign policy. It was Helmut Kohl who saw that if he failed to submerge Germany in Europe—to create a European Germany—the world might witness a renewed attempt to create a German Europe. With anti-American sentiment stoked to a white heat by Herr Schröder, Germany is now more eager than ever to be part of a united Europe that can cock a snook at America—without, of course, devoting any resources to the creation of the military capability that is essential to undergird such a policy.

Those who favor a more tightly unified European foreign policy are convinced the Bush victory strengthens their position. The president's ability to win a substantial majority of the popular vote demonstrates that he does indeed represent the views of a majority of Americans. Not that this diminishes European antipathy in the slightest. The *Times* (London) reports rumors of a row over an E.U. text that "warmly" congratulated President Bush on his reelection, with the French leading the charge against "warmly." Not to be outdone, and proving once again that Tory opportunism is the response to Blair's conviction politics, Tory leader Michael Howard accused the White House of being "protective" of Tony Blair, and refused to congratulate the president on his reelection.

Europeans would have been less depressed if they were able to attribute the president's victory to the successful prosecution of the war in Iraq, or to an unquestionably robust economy, or to some other achievement of his first administration. Alas, such is not the case. Bush returns to the White House despite continuing problems in Iraq, and despite an economy that has been battered by job losses. He won't be moving back to Crawford, Texas, because most Americans agree with the way he sees the world—as a dangerous place that can only be made less dangerous by a victory in the war on terror; as a place in which religion has a role to play in public life; and as a place in which the individual is to be exalted over the collectivist state. To say that Europe's leaders don't see things quite that way is to understate the chasm that exists between George Bush's America and Jacques Chirac's, Gerhard Schröder's, and José Luis Rodríguez Zapatero's Europe.

France has unleashed its able ambassador, Jean-David Levitte, to assure television audiences here that his nation desires nothing more than to "heal the wounds" that scar Franco-American relations. Believe that, and I have an Eiffel Tower to sell you. Michel Barnier, the foreign minister, took Bush's reelection as the occasion to emphasize France's desire to create an E.U. that will be a counterforce to America: "Our world needs several powers. . . . We are in the process of gathering the pieces and the will to become another power." Barnier was merely echoing his boss's view. "Europe today," intoned Chirac, "has more than ever the need and necessity to reinforce its unity. That is the goal of the constitution." Increased unity, he continued, is necessary "when faced with this great world power."

Spain's Zapatero last week revealed the endgame: a European defense system to replace NATO. "Europe must believe that it can be in twenty years the most important world power. . . . Naturally, it will still last some time until we [Spain, France, and Germany] develop a closed defense policy. . . . The E.U. constitution is an important step in that direction." So much for the willingness of Europe's leaders to reconcile with America, rather than creating the multipolar, NATO-free world of Chirac's Gaullist dreams.

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The positioning of the E.U. as an anti-American force has not been lost on Washington's policymakers, who now realize that this country's historic support for a united Europe is dangerously contrary to U.S. interests. Most of the president's foreign policy team has come to understand that the united Europe that is taking shape intends to subvert American interests. True, some of the newer members of the E.U. are still grateful to us for helping them to shed the Soviet yoke. But they do not have enough economic heft to offset the core countries that have the E.U. financing Palestinian terrorists while berating America for supporting Israel's efforts to wall off those terrorists; encouraging the North Korean regime to defy efforts of the United States to persuade it to drop its nuclear program even though it is America, and not the E.U., that has troops stationed on the Korean peninsula; and that is using its clout at the U.N. to reward horrific regimes with seats on important committees, while marginalizing the United States.

The administration's belated awareness of the threat posed by E.U. hostility may be the rock on which the Blair-Bush entente eventually founders. One high administration official told me last week that Blair will not be able to straddle the divide for very much longer. America, he continued, must develop a policy towards Britain that will tip it in our direction when Blair is finally forced to choose between the Europe in which he so dearly wants to play a—no, "the"—leading part, and the special relationship with America. Naturally, we hope he chooses America. But choose some day he must. As Graham Watson, a member of the European parliament and leader of its pro-Europe Liberal Group, puts it, Britain will soon be forced "to decide which side of the Atlantic it is on."

That choice would not be necessary were it possible for the president to establish more cordial relations with Europe, which he would very much like to do. But either the price is too high—abandonment of America's historic alliance with Israel, withdrawal from Iraq before democracy is established, acceptance of a role for the U.N. in determining when America will be permitted to use its military power to defend itself—or such a thawing is simply unattainable, given the long-term Franco-European goal of reining in American power and influence.

After all, no president can be indifferent to the insults that Europe's core countries continue to heap on him and his country. Chirac's latest was his refusal to meet with American ally and Iraqi prime minister Ayad Allawi, preferring instead to rush to the deathbed of America's enemy, Yasser Arafat, whom he called "a hero." Spain's foreign minister, Miguel Angel Moratinos, is more vulgar, calling Bush "a complete dickhead," and Schröder more shrill, delivering himself of anti-American rants designed to pander to his electorate and divert attention from the massive failure of his and the E.U.'s domestic policies. Just to let Europe's cranky trio know what he thinks, Bush took time from a schedule so crowded that he could not return Zapatero's congratulatory phone call, to invite José María Aznar, the prime minister unseated by Zapatero after the Madrid bombing, to the White House for a long, leisurely chat.

Europe's anxiety at the increasing gap between the material gains flowing from the E.U. and the U.S. economic models cannot be overstated. The gap might be closed, of course, were the E.U. to adopt reforms that bring them closer to the Anglo-Saxon model they so detest and fear. But it is now clear that Chirac and his "old Europe" colleagues have no intention of implementing the economic reform agenda solemnly agreed to by all E.U. member states in Lisbon four years ago. Even Peter Mandelson, Blair's partner in bringing the Labour party to accept many of Margaret Thatcher's reforms, and now an E.U. trade commissioner who was expected to carry the banner of reform from London to Brussels, tempers his calls for "more American-style dynamism" with a warning that Europe should not emulate "the raw divisions" of U.S. society. As John Sunderland, chairman of Cadbury Schweppes and president of the Confederation of British Industries, last week told the trade group's annual conference, "The snail's pace of change is making a mockery of the Lisbon agenda and the drive for economic reform."

Bush probably doesn't spend a lot of time worrying about the E.U.'s over-regulated, over-taxed economy, even though faster economic growth in Europe would increase American exports to that region, and just might lessen the envy that underlies much of the hostility towards America. Instead, the president is concentrating on two things. First, he needs the continued cooperation of Europe's security establishment, which the self-interest of France, Germany, and other countries assures he will have. Those countries are keenly aware that they have rabid Islamic extremists in their midst, and that not even the tolerant Netherlands is immune from their violent displays of disagreement with Western values.

Second, and belatedly and reluctantly, Bush has come to realize that—like it or not—the U.N. is seen by the world as an institution that can convey legitimacy on international actions, especially the use of force. This is puzzling: The U.N. is, after all, corrupt (as its administration of the oil-for-food program in Iraq demonstrates) and obsolete, having been structured when it was thought humane not to humiliate France by relegating it to the second rank that its performance in World War II

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warranted, and before Japan, India, and Brazil rose to economic and political prominence.

The corruption, Bush will argue, demands the creation of systems for auditing and controlling U.N. expenses, since self-regulation clearly doesn't work. Sensible auditing procedures won't stop every U.N. kleptocrat from dipping into U.N. funds, but it might just reduce the illicit outflow from a flood to a trickle. As the U.N.'s largest financial supporter, Bush is in a good position to have his way.

Modernizing the obsolete structure will prove more difficult, which is why it is only one of the two tracks on which the administration will be proceeding: structural reform and marginalization. Start with structural reform. Paradoxically, the new E.U. constitution, signed in Rome on October 29 by the heads of state of all 25 members of the union, is the tool that can be used to build a new U.N. That is the very document Chirac is counting on to produce a foreign policy around which all of Europe will unite, creating a powerful alternative to America's policies.

The constitution is a document of monstrous length and often indecipherable prose. It calls for "a common foreign and security policy covering all areas of foreign and security policy. . . . The Member States shall support the common foreign and security policy actively and unreservedly in a spirit of loyalty and mutual solidarity." A "Minister for Foreign Affairs" is to "express the Union's position in international organizations and at international conferences," including at meetings of the U.N. Security Council.

If this is not to result in massive double-dipping, it seems obvious that any U.N. members that adopt the E.U. constitution should cede their seats to their E.U. foreign minister. That would have two practical consequences: It would preserve Britain's seat, since voters are likely to use the promised referendum to remind their prime minister that the E.U. constitution is a bridge too far on the road to the surrender of national sovereignty; and it would clear the way for the accession of some or all of Japan, India, and Brazil to the Security Council in place of France and any E.U. members who might have temporary seats. In short, it would restructure the U.N. to reflect the realities of the 21st century.

This restructuring would not assure America of the blessing of the Security Council for all of the actions it will have to take in years to come to protect itself—and other countries—from terrorists. But it would go a long way towards eliminating German spite, Gaullist dreams of multipolarity, and Spanish *cobardia* as barriers to U.N. endorsement of America's policies.

And reform of the U.N. might create a model for restructuring of financial institutions. The finance ministers and heads of state of the world's leading industrial countries—the G-7, or G-8 when economically puny Russia is included—meet periodically to discuss the state of the world's economies, and to plot strategies for interest rates, exchange rates, and other key economic variables. But countries that have traded in their own currencies for the euro no longer have any control over interest or exchange rates. Their place at the table is a historic anachronism. So goodbye France and Germany, hello China, India, and others who can act upon any decisions taken by the world's leaders. A seat should, of course, be reserved for some representative of the E.U., perhaps Jean-Claude Trichet, the president of the European Central Bank, which sets interest rates for all E.U. members, and is responsible for controlling inflation in euroland.

Is reform of so venerable a set of international institutions possible? Perhaps. After all, Asian and developing countries surely favor an expanded role for nations such as Japan, India, and Brazil, and therefore might line up behind modernization of the U.N. structure. Other countries, seeing the choice as between a transformed U.N. and an organization consigned to the dust-heap of history by American hostility or merely benign neglect, might also go along. If not, and until the development of alternative institutions to replace the U.N. as a source of international legitimacy, there are always ad hoc coalitions of the willing as an alternative for a Bush administration determined to wage a relentless and winning war on terror.

Parallel with the effort to restructure the U.N. may well come an effort to marginalize it. More than one of the policy wonks scattered throughout the administration is giving serious thought to a radical change proposed almost 10 years ago by Charles Krauthammer (a contributing editor to this journal): marginalization of the U.N. At a conference last week in Washington, sponsored by the American Enterprise Institute, Krauthammer re-floated that idea. The U.N. can't be eliminated, its gleaming tower converted to higher-value uses. So parallel institutions should be created. Over time, these new institutions—which will consist only of the world's democracies, if Soviet dissident and Israeli minister Natan Sharansky has his way with the Krauthammer proposal—will replace the U.N., which will wither into irrelevance.

That won't mean that America will always have its way. But it will mean that the new body will consist of nations whose main incentive is to produce better lives for their voters, rather than create external enemies as excuses for impoverishing their people. Right now, the development of these alternative institutions is only a gleam in the eye of far-thinking policy types. Rather as the U.N. was in the 1940s. ♦

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College students as they used to be. CORBIS.

School Days

Tom Wolfe pens an undergraduate novel

By Joseph Bottum

Tom Wolfe is America's greatest living novelist. Kind of. Lord knows, he's got the tools. Is there any author who understands the social meaning of clothes, cars, glasses, words—even the way that people sit and stand—better than Wolfe? Is there any reporter who knows how to make a lightning prose zip in and out of characters' minds better than he does? Is there anybody, writer or not, more in love with the "wild, bizarre, unpredictable hog-stomping Baroque country" that is the United States?

Not really. With his latest novel, *I Am Charlotte Simmons*, Wolfe has produced a satisfying if slightly old-fashioned story of a young person's education and growth—"old-fashioned" referring here only to the kind of book Wolfe has written, since in previous *bildungsromane*, from *The Sorrows of Young Werther* all the way down to *Stover at Yale*, you won't find either Tom Wolfe's trademark prose or the details of oral sex, coed toilets, more oral sex, and occasional classwork that he discovered on America's college campuses. *I Am Charlotte Simmons* takes the theme that romance died the day easy sex was born, which Wolfe chronicled in his 2000 collection of essays, *Hooking Up*, and splays it like a honeytrap across a girl's path as she tries to travel from an evangelical childhood, isolated in a town called Sparta way back up in the North Carolina hill country, to an Ivy League education at the fictional Dupont University.

I Am Charlotte Simmons
by Tom Wolfe
Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, 688 pp., $28.95

The eponymous heroine Charlotte Simmons may imagine her scholarship to Dupont will show her the life of the mind, but it's the life of the party she soon discovers college is about. She becomes interested in neuropsychology and does well in class—at first, that is. But then she meets Adam, a nerd who writes for a campus paper, and Jojo, the school's sole Caucasian basketball star, and Hoyt, the preppy fraternity brother and big man on campus.

As in every novel about undergraduates, the adults come off poorly. That's how it's supposed to be in such books, and the teachers, coaches, administrators, and visiting speakers in *I Am Charlotte Simmons* are all on the make, in one way or another.

But Wolfe doesn't let the children off, either. They are really at school to be socialized, the author realizes, and the posturings, connivings, seductions, pseudo-adulteries, and struggles for

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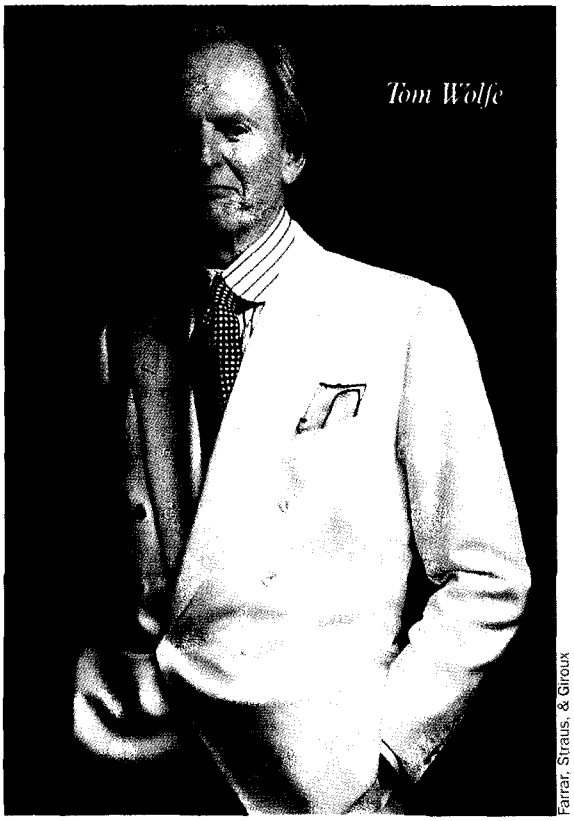

Farrar, Straus, & Giroux

social dominance are all practice for adulthood.

The plotlines of the self-deceiving Charlotte's three suitors begin to draw together when Hoyt punches out the bodyguard of California's governor. The governor is a rising conservative political star who is on campus to give a speech—and he is, naturally, receiving oral sex from a coed as Hoyt stumbles upon him. Skinny little Adam wants to use the story to make his name as a muckraking journalist, but Adam has his own troubles, since his work-study job, tutoring the basketball team, seduced him into writing a term paper for Jojo, and the scandal is starting to dribble out. Bringing all this home in the story's conclusion, the author shows he's solved the plot-construction problems that weakened the endings of his first two novels, *Bonfire of the Vanities* and *A Man in Full*. With *I Am Charlotte Simmons*, Wolfe has produced a solid, well-reported page-turner.

You wouldn't know it from the early reviews. Princeton's Elaine Showalter is a typical example, howling in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* that Wolfe is a Peeping Tom, cruel to the professors and envious of the students' sex lives. Worse, he doesn't understand how *revolutionary* all that sex is—how feminism has set these young women free to discover their sexuality. It may look to old men like the seventy-three-year-old Wolfe to involve mostly pretty girls socialized into servicing young men on demand, but that's because *I Am Charlotte Simmons* is a "leering" book. It's the author, not his characters, who shows just how "bitchy" and "status-seeking" a person can be.

There's an envy to Tom Wolfe's usual run of detractors, of course, but something more than envy—a resentment, an ache, a *fury*: If I could write like that, a small cat snarls inside each of their heads, I'd . . . I'd *change* things in this rabid, racist, right-wing world. I'd zola the rich bastards until they burbled for mercy. I'd dickens the corporate polluters until they drowned themselves in their own sick sludge. I'd thackeray, I'd balzac, I'd *dostoyevsky* everyone who doesn't get it—it, IT, the ineffable *IT* of political conscience, the mystical rightness that lets a Princeton professor be a revolutionary and, well, a *Princeton* professor at the same time. God—or Charles Darwin, maybe, or some freak of perverse genetics—put a sword in Tom Wolfe's hands, and the oblivious creep won't use it to smite the ungodly. The man doesn't *deserve* his sentences. Prose belongs to us, by divine right and right of conquest. And here comes this white-suited fake dandy, this *reporter*, to set up camp right in the middle of it, like John Ashcroft—or Gary Bauer or, I don't know, *Elmer Gantry*—buying the prettiest summer house on Martha's Vineyard.

Besides, he doesn't know what a novel is. Here we get down, if not to the reason for the complaint, then at least to a bone with some meat on it, for Tom Wolfe doesn't, in fact, know what a novel is. That's ridiculous to say, of course. He's written three of them now, each one an automatic bestseller and each one guaranteed to start a national conversation. What more do you need from a book? But there's something else a novel wants to do, some place a novel itself wants to go—some feature a novelist like Saul Bellow can't help incorporating even in a bad book like *Ravelstein*, and Tom Wolfe can't quite find even in a good book like *Bonfire of the Vanities*.

Not that *I Am Charlotte Simmons* entirely lacks novelistic touches, though what makes a novel novelistic is hard to say. Well, maybe it's not so hard. Look: Take the moment in Anthony Trollope's *The Prime Minister* when the social interloper Ferdinand Lopez, finally exposed and disgraced, throws himself in front of a train, "knocked into bloody atoms," at Tenway Junction—and the man from nowhere disappears back into nothingness. Yes, the irony is a little heavy-handed; yes, the completeness of it all, the clicking shut of the box, is a little *too* satisfactory. But Trollope couldn't help himself. His plot wanted to do this kind of thing, and unless you're Henry James, your best bet as an author is simply to get out of the way. So, in *I Am Charlotte Simmons*, when the insufferable frat-boy Hoyt at last gets his comeuppance, exposed in the school paper and refused the post-graduation job he'd been promised, he moans that he is "f—ed, f—ed, f—ed, and f—ed," which is—how shall we say this?—rather what he had done to the formerly virginal Charlotte in the book's longest and most painful scene.

But there's another thing necessary to make a novel—a kind of *presence* that haunts the text and draws it together at a level deeper than plot. I don't know how to define it, but look: Take the paragraph in the first chapter of Dickens's *David Copperfield*, when the caul in which David was born is sold off at a church raffle as an infallible charm against drowning. I'd bet a fortune that Dickens didn't plan anything with this incident. For that matter, we have his working notes for the novel, and we *know* he didn't mean it. He was frantically scribbling to meet his deadlines for the serialized text, and he threw in the scene to fill up a paragraph and

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make a weak joke about the purchaser, an old lady who died triumphantly undrowned in her bed, though she never got closer to open water than crossing a bridge.

And yet, there it was, a detail stranded in chapter one, and Dickens, the greatest unconscious novelist of the English language, could feel it, somehow, haunting his story. Why is it no surprise that the church at David's wedding, forty chapters later, is inexplicably filled with sailors? Why is it no coincidence that David ends up practicing law in one of those bizarre English inns of court whose jurisdiction is nautical and ecclesiastical matters? And when, at the novel's climax, David finds the ruined Steerforth "drown-dead" on the beach with his failed rescuer Ham, like lost sons of Noah, we feel the deep currents of fiction, pulling the ark of the story out onto a theological sea.

Emile Zola was the writer Tom Wolfe recommended as the best model in the widely noted 1989 essay in which he called for America's novelists to leave their prissy, self-absorbed concerns and go out to report on this "wild, bizarre, unpredictable hog-stomping Baroque country of ours." But he mentioned Dickens along the way, and Dickens is the author to whom he is, in fact, the closest—if only because a Wolfe novel is invariably what Henry James once called books like Dickens': "large loose baggy monsters."

I Am Charlotte Simmons is tighter than *Bonfire of the Vanities*—much tighter than *A Man in Full*—but in all his fiction, Tom Wolfe can't help but sprawl, and sprawl and sprawl, just the way Dickens does. Dickens will always waste a page describing an inn, if his characters happen to wander into one, and Wolfe will always describe the "alarmingly detailed color photographs of the house specials" in the restaurants his characters chance to enter: "huge plates with slabs of red meat and gigantic patties of ground meat fairly glistening with . . . ooze . . . great molten slices of cheese, veritable lava flows of gravy, every manner of hash brown and french-fried potato, fried onion and fried chicken, including a dish called Sam's Sweet Chickasee, which seemed to consist of an immense patty of skillet-fried ground chicken beneath a mantle of bubbling cream sauce."

CORBIS

A college scene today.

But, then, Dickens learned how to write a novel by reading the loose-jointed picaresques of eighteenth-century English fiction—Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker*, Fielding's *Tom Jones*—and onto their sprawl he forced the thematic depth and symbolic unity that became the definition of the Victorian novel. Wolfe learned how to write in the series of coruscating essays he collected in *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby* and *The Pump House Gang*, the apotheosis of the 1960s "new journalism."

Those essays had a prose so fast it almost scorched you. "Right this minute, one supposes, he is somewhere there in the innards of those 48 rooms," he wrote in a 1965 piece about visiting Hugh Hefner at the Playboy mansion, "under layers and layers of white wall-to-wall, crimson wall-to-wall, Count Basie-lounge leather, muffled, baffled, swaddled, shrouded, closed in, blacked out, shielded by curtains, drapes, wall-to-wall, blond wood, screens, cords, doors, buzzers, dials, Nubians—he's down in there, the living Hugh Hefner, 150 pounds, like the tender-tympany green heart of an artichoke."

It was a prose straining with voice—more voice than English writing had heard at least since the 1950s, when Dylan Thomas's reminiscences in *A Child's Christmas in Wales* taught a generation of writers just how much could be done with run-on sentences, and maybe since the 1910s, when G.K. Chesterton taught readers just how pointed with antitheses the English language could be. In Tom Wolfe's young hands, what counted was speed—a compulsive impulse, an excitement roaring through the essay, refusing to allow the tugged-along reader to realize how many thousands of words were spilling across the page.

Gradually, from his 1968 report on Ken Kesey's LSD adventures in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* to his 1987 transition to fiction in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, Wolfe toned down the signature tricks of his early writing: the bouncing sentence fragments, the multiple exclamation points, the nests of ellipses, the spume of interjected half-quotations—Zowie! Ka-boom! Craash! —that the reader was never sure were coming from the author or his subject. But the prose remained, and remains in *I Am Charlotte Simmons*, detail-driven and focused on the precise touches that mark social distinctions.

Well, why not? It's not as though many other novelists are doing it, and Tom Wolfe is still the best social reporter since William Makepeace Thackeray. In the early scene in which Charlotte's hick parents meet the wealthy, sophisticated parents of her

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roommate at freshman orientation, or the scene in which Jojo becomes conscious of the ease with which the black members of his basketball team move and talk, or the scene in which Hoyt and his fraternity brothers discuss their clothes, Wolfe provides details no other writer these days can even approach.

But those details somehow lack the deeper coherence, the Dickensian imagination that pulls a baggy monster together. *I Am Charlotte Simmons* has its genuinely novelistic themes. There's the intersection of neurology and social reinforcement in the mainstreaming of open sex, for example, signaled in the book's epigraph, a brief description of the work that won a Nobel Prize for a psychologist from Dupont University. And there's the abiding interest in masculinity, a bell rung repeatedly by chapters ending with the word "man."

The trouble is that big themes aren't quite enough, any more than Trollopian plot satisfaction is quite enough. All of Wolfe's details, the sharp observations snapped out in lightning prose: They want to do something that Charles Dickens could let them do and Tom Wolfe cannot. They want to cohere, they want to inform one another, they want to *hook up*.

We could do some deep think here about the cultural and linguistic advantages Dickens had in a Victorian world in which you didn't actually have to deflower your heroines on stage; we've clearly lost some shared social intelligence that once helped the novel along, and the level of naiveté—the level of virginity, for that matter—that *I Am Charlotte Simmons* needs in its heroine to build an undergraduate *bildungsroman* probably doesn't exist anymore. But perhaps the point can be made well enough simply by observing that Tom Wolfe is America's greatest living novelist. Kind of. ♦

South Dakota Blues

The rise and fall of Democrats on the great plains.

BY BOB MERCER

George McGovern spent twenty years gathering and leading Democrats out of the wilderness in South Dakota. Starting in 1953, traveling the farm roads town to town, McGovern—a former preacher, World War II Air Force veteran, and college history professor turned party executive secretary—built a Democratic organization from next to nothing. By 1972, the year he won his party's nomination for president, liberal Democrats in South Dakota held the governorship, both Senate seats, and one of the state's two seats in Congress. Between 1970 and 1978, voter registration climbed for Democrats by 50 percent (while Republicans went up by 5 percent), and Democrats briefly became the state's majority party.

But by 1980, after two terms in the U.S. House and three terms in the U.S. Senate, time was up for McGovern. The voters of South Dakota had elected Republicans to three of the state's five major offices and were prepared to banish him, too. Campaign buttons bore the slogan, "George McGovern does not speak for me." The majority felt he had lost touch with South Dakota—"gone Washington" was how folks put it — and told him so, electing instead a Republican congressman named Jim Abdnor.

Tom Daschle admired McGovern, worked on his presidential campaign, and once in office determined he would not make the same career-ending mistakes. He went to Washington to work for wild Jim Abourezk, another liberal Democratic senator South Dakotans elected in 1972. Abourezk chose not to seek reelection in 1978 rather than face a hot young Republican star in Larry Pressler. With the eastern district's House seat open, Daschle launched his own public career, defeating a Democratic former representative, Frank Denholm, in the June primary and in November squeezing by Republican Leo Thorsness, who had been a prisoner of war in Vietnam and had challenged McGovern in 1974.

Daschle didn't have another close race until this year. He rolled past a series of overmatched opponents for three more terms in the House, then challenged Abdnor for the Senate seat in 1986. McGovern had the unpopularity in farm country of President Eisenhower's agriculture secretary Ezra Taft Benson to use in his campaign, and so, too, Daschle was fortunate during the twelve years of Reagan and the first Bush presidency to have a Republican administration that he could blast on South Dakota's behalf. The economic and credit crisis choking rural America in the mid-1980s came at a perfect time for Daschle, who made farm policy the central issue of his 1986 Senate campaign.

In that campaign Daschle favored government price supports, while Abdnor wanted a market-export policy. Abdnor handed his opponent a gift when a Daschle staffer filming an Abdnor public event caught the senator on camera saying that farmers would have to accept "low prices" for a while in order to export more and create international demand. While producers who understood the issue split on the two approaches, Daschle ran the "low prices" statement in ads aimed at less-knowledgeable South Dakota voters empathetic to the plight of farmers.

Combined with his get-out-the-vote effort that Republicans purposely declined to match because GOP leaders subscribed to the belief that each candidate should identify and turn out his own voters, Daschle turned a dead

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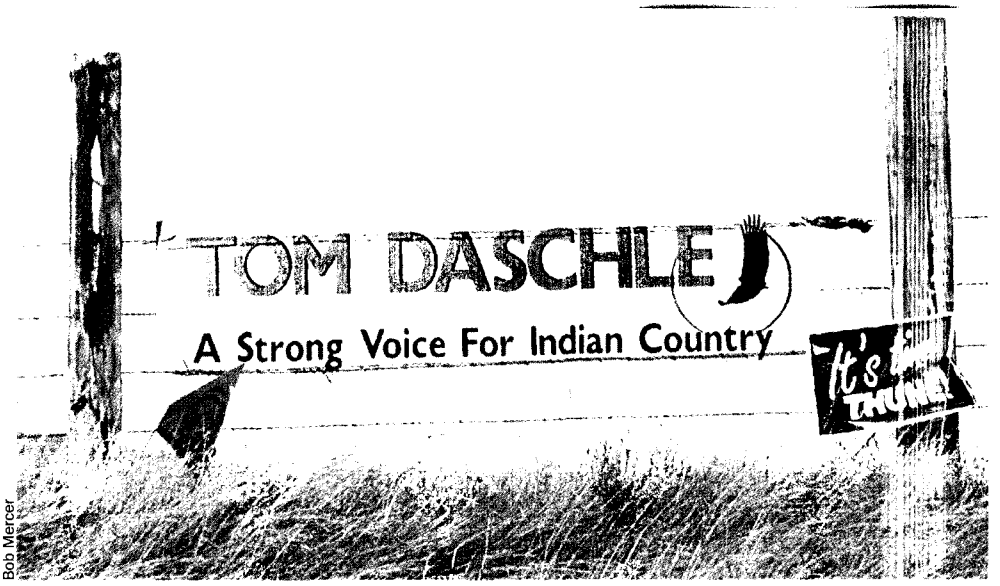
heat into a four-point win. Unlike McGovern, who made foreign affairs his second legislative priority after agriculture, Daschle smartly focused on entitlement recipients, from veterans and farmers to senior citizens and students and tribal people, giving him a centrist base of pocketbook appeal that blurred party lines.

Fortune continued to fall Daschle's way. For his victory, the Senate Democratic leadership delivered on his precandidacy bargaining point that he receive a politically lucrative Finance Committee seat if elected. He helped deliver the votes to select George Mitchell as Senate Democratic leader, and Mitchell rewarded Daschle by making him his heir apparent. And when Mitchell's leadership post came open, Daschle beat Senator Christopher Dodd by one vote: the proxy given to Daschle by Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell, only a few weeks before the Colorado senator changed parties and joined the Republicans.

The good times rolled on for Daschle. Back home he easily won reelection in his next two races, even getting the endorsement of Republican governor Bill Janklow in 1998. (Janklow had challenged Abdnor in the 1986 primary and to this day believes he could have beaten Daschle.) With Bill Clinton in the White House for eight years, Daschle was able to use for South Dakota's advantage all the power perks of being a Democratic leader but didn't have to step to center stage daily as the Democratic party's national voice.

Every summer, Daschle came home to South Dakota during the congressional recess, spending a month driving town to town, typically alone, with no public schedule, stopping when he wanted and talking to any voter he happened to run across. He did it purposely—a deliberate attempt not to be accused of losing touch as McGovern had. But just as McGovern saw what seemed a permanent base unravel, events swiftly turned against Daschle. With George W. Bush's election to the presidency, Daschle became the everyday opponent. South Dakotans liked it when their Democratic senators rattled the White House fence on behalf of South Dakota. But doing it for the national Democratic party was something else. Daschle's tactical mastery in the Senate was effective in slowing down Bush's agenda, and Daschle achieved the ultimate coup by bringing Senator Jim Jeffords across the aisle from the Republican caucus and making the Democrats the Senate majority. He was riding high until the crash on Election Day 2002 left Daschle stunned and disheveled, his majority gone, looking the morning after like a Las Vegas gambler who had bet it all on the sure thing and lost.



Bob Mercer

George McGovern
A Political Life, A Political Legacy
edited by Robert P. Watson
South Dakota State Historical Society,
209 pp., $19.95

Like No Other Time
The 107th Congress and the Two Years That Changed America Forever
by Tom Daschle
Crown, 292 pp., $25

While House Democratic leader Dick Gephardt ultimately chose to step aside and run for the presidency, Daschle was reselected as minority leader in the Senate by unanimous acclamation on the motion of Senator Robert Byrd. Undeterred by the voters' message in 2002 and by the lessons of McGovern's failed run for the White House, Daschle moved forward with writing his book—*Like No Other Time: The 107th Congress and the Two Years That Changed America Forever*—and making plans for a presidential candidacy. He and his wife Linda purchased a large house with heated in-ground pool in Washington, D.C., valued at $1.4 million, but looking even more expensive and mansionesque by South Dakota standards.

And one other unfortunate thing happened to Daschle in those 2002 elections: He successfully helped his fellow South Dakota Democratic senator, Tim Johnson, turn back a three-term Republican House member, John Thune, by just 524 votes. Thune came closer than expected because he was a charismatic candidate with fundamental values, and he understood the significant differences that the Democrats' voter identification and get-out-the-vote efforts had made in Daschle's win over Thune's mentor Abdnor in 1986 and Johnson's victory over Pressler in 1996. Outside writers and political insiders clucked over the organization problems that Thune's "Victory" campaign ran into on Election Day in getting out the vote against Johnson. What they didn't recognize was that Thune's ground war, flawed as it was in its first run, came within an eyelash of succeeding and captured thousands of votes that had eluded Pressler and Abdnor.

Curiously—and ironically for Tom Daschle, who had worked hard to save his Democratic colleague—Thune's loss to Johnson gave Republicans the one thing they previously didn't have: a top candidate to run against Daschle two years later. At the urging of his longtime driver Ryan Nelson, Thune hired Dick Wadhams as his new campaign manager. Their message was

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George McGovern at the 2004 Democratic Convention

Lev Nisnevitch

simple: Daschle was so busy with the trappings of power that he was out of touch with South Dakota's needs and values. Republicans nationally saw the opportunity to get rid of Bush's nemesis, and they poured money and legal firepower into the state. By late afternoon on Election Day, the flatness in Daschle's voice during a radio interview, as he tried to stir more Indian reservation residents to the polling places, signaled his realization that Thune probably had beaten him. He always knew how to count votes. South Dakotans had, in effect, traded Johnson for Daschle, keeping a low-key, play-it-safe appropriator and firing one of the most powerful elected Democrats—and leading Bush obstructionist—in the nation.

South Dakota's electorate changed in significant ways during the span of Daschle's career. Democratic voter registration essentially remained flat, while Republican and independent numbers climbed steadily, especially in the fast-growing Black Hills region of western South Dakota and the economic powerhouse of Sioux Falls and its neighboring counties at the eastern edge. In 1978, registration was 193,345 Democrats, 191,766 Republicans, and 35,707 independents. By 2004, the state had flipped back to its traditional GOP dominance, with 238,580 Republicans, 191,523 Democrats, and 70,966 independents. Even so, Daschle still did better than a Democrat might be expected to do under those circumstances, getting 193,279 votes to Thune's 197,813.

Daschle turned to Indian Country as his final refuge, where Democrats typically win by huge margins. But reservation participation tends to be very low. On Election Day, Thune won the turnout battle in the growing Republican counties: He captured four of the five highest-turnout counties across the state; Daschle the five lowest, all in Indian Country. Two years earlier, many South Dakotans had gone to bed with Thune leading and the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation votes yet to be counted. They woke up to a Johnson victory. This time, the Shannon County vote wasn't enough for Daschle. While those ballots were still running through the optical scanners at the old stone courthouse in Hot Springs, the word whispered through the crowd of rival Democratic and Republican lawyers and pollwatchers: Daschle had called Thune to concede. Daschle scheduled a morning address for seven hours later at a Sioux Falls hotel. The speech so far remains his last public statement.

Daschle's defeat might be seen as the end of McGovern liberalism in South Dakota. But his legacy of a Democratic organization remains very much alive, with Johnson in office and a new bright young Democrat in the state's lone House seat, Stephanie Herseth. She understood very well what was happening the past three years. She stressed the phrase "blue dog Democrat" and the word "independent" in her debates and campaign ads. She spoke in support of President Bush on terrorism and Iraq and gay marriage.

After winning the special June election to fill the House vacancy created by Janklow's conviction in a motorcyclist's traffic death, Herseth cast a vote that won her the NRA's endorsement. Another vote in favor of the Republicans' package of business tax cuts got her the backing of Grover Norquist. Lost in all of that was her support for abortion rights and her endorsement by the pro-choice organization EMILY's List.

The vacuum of Daschle's postelection silence leads back to his presidentially ambitious memoir, *Like No Other Time*. Rereading it in hindsight, we can see that both the lessons he missed in 2002 and the seeds of his 2004 defeat are now obvious. Just days after the election last week came the release of *George McGovern: A Political Life, A Political Legacy*, a collection of essays written by various academics, many of them clearly admirers of McGovern, including the book's editor, Robert P. Watson, an associate professor of political science at Florida Atlantic University.

Essentially a collection of professorial papers, the book provides scholarly insight into McGovern's philosophy and political achievements. But missing is an examination of McGovern's last term in the Senate and the state's final repudiation of his brand of liberalism in the loss to Abdnor. Daschle wrote the book's foreword and concluded with these words: "Admirers of George McGovern will have their admiration for the man reinforced. And I suspect that even many who disagree with his politics are likely to discover a surprising new respect for the man." Those thoughts might just as well express Daschle's own hopes for how history will treat him. As with the McGovern book, the treatment will depend on who writes the history.

The old Pontiac Daschle drove all those summers was retired a few years ago and rests on display at the Pioneer Auto Museum in the small town of Murdo, along Interstate 90. It is John Thune's hometown. His parents still live there, at the corner of two dirt streets, and people vote in the old auditorium where he played high-school basketball. The museum's owner, Dave Geisler, pledged some of the seed money that helped Thune get started in 1995. On Election Day this year, not a Daschle sign could be seen in town. South Dakota has always been about very small places. And a forty-two-year string of senators—George McGovern, Jim Abdnor, Tom Daschle, and John Thune—all know that fact well. When they forget it, the voters always remind them. ♦

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Michael Caine and Shelley Winters in the orginal *Alfie*. Everett Collection.

What's It All About?

The director and stars of the new Alfie *miss what the book was trying to do.* BY BRIAN MURRAY

The hero of Bill Naughton's 1966 novel *Alfie* is a cocky fellow, well-dressed and glib, a Cockney playboy who knows what it takes to woo the girls. When he first appears, Alfie is with Siddie, a "married woman of twenty-nine, so she said." She's his "regular Thursday night bint," he explains, and "a fair bit of grumble, clean as a nut, a trifle on the leggy side for my fancy, with muscles on her calves." But "she's got this beautiful chest." And "talk about cleavage!—it's like the Rotherhithe Tunnel."

They're parked near the Thames, at Blackfriars, in a Ford Consul deluxe. Alfie is done for the night, and done with Siddie too, although she doesn't know. Lately, she's been getting pushy, stepping too far into Alfie's space. "Once a married woman gets too hot on," he advises, "that's the time to cool off. They get you into trouble and it's not worth it."

Alfie is full of advice, an impulsive talker: "I no sooner think something than out it comes. I can't keep anything to myself." His is a riveting voice, by turns charming and repellent, full of shrewd insight and verve. And it's not surprising to learn that Naughton first created Alfred Elkins as a character in a 1962 radio drama that was soon turned into a successful London stage play starring Terence Stamp. *Alfie* was Naughton's first novel and sold well in both Britain and the United States, where it was promoted as another daring sign of changing literary times—the ribald confessions of a contemporary Casanova.

Born in 1910, Naughton was raised in Lancashire, and critics often placed him among "the Angry Young Men"—a loose category of British novelists and playwrights who came to prominence during the postwar years. These included John Braine, John Osborne, David Storey, Allan Sillitoe, and Kingsley Amis, whose 1954 novel *Lucky Jim* was widely regarded as a key "angry" work, with its satirical bite and its disillusioned protagonist at sea among the pompous and pretentious bourgeoisie.

It's true that Naughton shared with Braine, Storey, and Sillitoe a sympathetic interest in working-class characters and themes. He came from a "common laborer's background," as he notes in *On the Pig's Back*, his 1987 autobiography, and for years his highest hope was to land a "regular and assured" job and a decent pension. Naughton did not attend a university and taught himself to write in the early morning before heading off to drive a truck or bag coal—his main jobs before his writing found its way to the BBC and the London stage.

In fact, Naughton became a compulsive writer who drew closely from life. At the time of his death in 1992, Naughton had compiled a vast journal stored in steel trunks. These, he often said, were by far his most important writings—one man's eight-million-word record of a life fully lived and acutely observed. Naughton recorded countless conversations, many of them overheard in the pubs he frequented and the places he worked. He recalled friends, conflicts, flirtations, dreams, withholding nothing. At his request, Naughton's diaries will stay sealed for years to come.

Naughton was also interested in spiritual and religious matters. In his autobiography, he declares bad writing "a sin against the Holy Spirit—from which source all literature springs." He was a devoted reader of St. Augustine and the mystic Jakob Boehme. A practicing Catholic, Naughton's discovery of *The Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis was, he adds, one of the most momentous events of his life, "far more important than getting married, or having plays and films put on or anything of that sort."

In *Alfie*, Naughton's keen observational skills—and his Catholic sensibility—are much in evidence. Naughton, one assumes, had known many Alfies in his life—clever, coarse men who covered up their fears with posings and boasts. Alfie fears both intimacy and pain. His expectations are low, and he lives for the day. Alfie's disdain for others scarcely conceals his hatred of himself. "I've never respected anybody or anything in all my born days," he admits, adding, "I expect I'll go to the grave not having been respected in turn." But then, "you can live without it. It's dying out everywhere."

Doused with Yardley Eau-de-Cologne for Men and looking sharp in his mohair pants, Alfie is both comic and pathetic, in constant need of the attention and affection he accepts as his due. The strenuous pursuit of women makes for a "marvelous life," he insists, particularly when one adds in the extra little privileges that often come one's way. One of Alfie's conquests runs a dry cleaning shop: "I used to get my suit cleaned in the bargain." Another, a chiropodist, is "no sex bomb as they say"

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Paramount Pictures

Jude Law and Susan Sarandon in the new Alfie.

but willing to "trim my toenails handsome."

Alfie eventually seduces Lily, the wife of a friend, a motor mechanic stricken with tuberculosis. He isn't particularly attracted to Lily, a dowdy missus who regularly visits her hospitalized husband bearing baskets full of digestive biscuits and homemade marmalade. But when the opportunity arises, Alfie can't resist, telling himself, "What harm can it do? My trouble is—I've never learnt to refuse something for nothing, even when I don't need it. But what man has?"

When Lily becomes pregnant, Alfie arranges an abortion, quietly hiring "one of these tailoring blokes around London willing to earn a crafty few quid." Lily quickly exits Alfie's life, and he considers mending his ways. But the mood doesn't quite last. At the novel's close, Alfie again meets up with Siddie, and off they go, arm in arm. "Few things in life are more comforting than to have your arm tucked away in a woman's plump arm inside a fur coat," he declares, "even though it might only be dyed Musquash."

Naughton's Alfie is not without sound and tender impulses. Sometimes he wonders if "we've all got what they call an evil thing in us—I shouldn't be at all surprised—that whispers and tells us things that go against our better understanding." Alfie's conscience is represented by the "little man" he sometimes hears deep inside himself. And "the funny thing is this—if I don't do what he tells me it nearly always turns out wrong."

But Alfie's resolutions often melt away like summer dew. Moreover, he has a cruel streak—a need to control and manipulate that, along with his need to be pampered and pleased, is far greater than the erotic desires he vents with mechanical efficiency and speed. Thus, near the end of the novel, we find Alfie, the fabled womanizer, vaguely considering the possibility of finding a homosexual patron, "one of these bent old boys," who might hand him money and free him of all responsibilities.

Naughton wrote the screenplay for the 1967 film version of *Alfie*, which was produced and directed by Lewis Gilbert, a veteran of the British cinema scene. Gilbert, who also directed *Sink the Bismarck!* in 1960 and *Educating Rita* in 1983, wasn't known as a great experimentalist. But his treatment of *Alfie* was widely considered daring and hip. It starred Michael Caine in what became his most famous film role. And it featured a fine jazz score by Sonny Rollins.

For the most part, Naughton's screenplay closely follows his novel; all of the characters are the same, and most of the dialogue comes directly from the book. Caine's Cockney accent is pitch perfect, and his speech is laced with specifically British phrases and terms. Still, Gilbert's *Alfie* makes some concessions to the conventions of popular American films. Alfie is punished in the end, humiliated by one lover who leaves him for a younger rival, and another who—looking bored—spurns his advance. The hero is not broken, exactly, but he is left chastened and alone, his only companion a stray mongrel who roams the streets at night.

The new film version of *Alfie*, directed by Charles Shyer and starring Jude Law, follows generally the contours of Gilbert's film. Like Caine, Law often speaks directly to the camera, cultivating the confidence of the audience with a mix of monologues and asides. This Alfie is similarly superficial, self-absorbed, obsessed with his looks and a collector of stylish threads. "I'm a fashion whore," he cheerfully asserts at the start of the film.

But for all its nods to the old Michael Caine version, this new *Alfie* is very much what you'd expect from the director of *Private Benjamin* and *Baby Boom*. It isn't set in working-class London, but in the same funky, shimmering Manhattan that is a staple of sitcoms and romantic comedies. It's a cool place, and Law's Alfie, who goes clubbing on his two-toned Vespa is, above all else, a very cool dude. He's very good at collecting women—none of whom resemble the lonely housewives and worn-out working girls preyed upon by the self-loathing Lothario in Naughton's novel and Gilbert's film.

In fact, the Alfie in Naughton's book—and the Alfie portrayed by Caine—is clearly meant to evoke disgust as well as fascination; he exudes menace as well as charm. For him, women are "birds," an endless source of mystery, but not quite human: They must be belted around occasionally to maintain domestic peace. In Shyer's film, Jude Law portrays an Alfie who is merely spoiled and self-absorbed—but still capable of education. Deep down, he really likes women, and they like him. Eventually he will settle down with the girl of his dreams.

Well acted and often beautifully shot, this *Alfie* is the story of an endearing scamp who gets his knuckles rapped. It's a sweet piece of eye candy that borrows some of the plot but not the substance of Naughton's fine novel, which offers one of the most memorable villains in postwar British fiction, and a troubling, disturbing look into the darker corners of the human soul.

Though this new film is clearly intended to appeal to a popular audience—a production by cast and crew afraid of the original work they're attempting to remake—the latest reports show it doing very poorly at the box office. That's an interesting turn of events. Audiences should rent the old Michael Caine version of *Alfie* instead—or better yet, they should read Bill Naughton's novel. ♦

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"I think good graphics add so much to these quarterly reports, don't you?"

Books in Brief

***Faces of the Civil War: An Album of Union Soldiers and Their Stories* by Ronald S. Coddington (Johns Hopkins University Press, 251 pp., $29.95).** After the 1862 Battle of Malvern Hill, Captain Motier Lafayette Norton contracted typhoid fever, which left him so debilitated that he resigned from the Eighteenth New York Infantry. But inspired by his "great love for liberty and our country," Norton joined the newly formed Invalid Corps and performed quartermaster duties in military hospitals. When the Civil War ended, Norton, still plagued, was urged to file for a disability pension but "felt delicate about asking aid from the government."

Norton is just one of the ordinary soldiers featured in *Faces of the Civil War*, a collection of photographs and short biographies. A visual journalist, Coddington collects *cartes de visite*, small prints invented by a French photographer in 1854. To these, Coddington adds colorful excerpts from letters, newspapers, and official documents.

The result is an engaging and human portrait of the Civil War: from the oldest soldier (a sixty-four-year-old chaplain, thought too old until he was seen praying amid a hail of bullets beside a dying soldier) to the youngest (a sixteen-year-old rendered "sunstroke insensible for hours"). The most heroic may be the watchmaker who extinguished a tent fire with his bare hands, burning himself so badly that he could neither feed nor dress himself.

These biographies provide insight into the grandparents of those considered today to be the "greatest generation," suggesting the patriotism motivating World War II soldiers was more than just a temporary belief. It was something painstakingly handed down from one generation to the next.

—Diane Scharper

***Enlightened Democracy: The Case for the Electoral College* by Tara Ross (World Ahead, 250 pp., $25.95).** Dissecting the recently failed Colorado proposal to distribute its electors proportionally and other schemes for inching toward more directly democratic presidential elections, Ross traces the Electoral College from its roots in a compromise between large and small states—all to argue that it has been a force of consensus in American politics and has served the United States well.

"Any discussion on these matters will be fraught with partisanship," she admits. But "at least where the event is a mere hypothetical, there can likely be a relatively unbiased committee discussion." One of the first books from a new publisher, *Enlightened Democracy* covers ground seldom trod. Many presidents, including Lincoln and Clinton, served with scarcely a whimper about not winning a majority of the popular vote. But in a time when Americans increasingly doubt the Electoral College, this accessible book will be a buttress for the Founders' insight.

—Beth Henary

***Lend Me Your Ears: Updated and Expanded Edition* by William Safire (W.W. Norton, 1,157 pp., $39.95).** More than 200 speeches are selected and introduced by the *New York Times* columnist and former speechwriter in this updated edition. The speeches—from Ronald Reagan, Mario Cuomo, Edward Kennedy, Winston Churchill, Mark Twain, Billy Graham, Clarence Darrow, and many more—are a delight to read aloud and share with others who love language, history, and rhetoric.

Safire offers his own counsel throughout. He bemoans the dwindling attention span of audiences. He urges speechwriters to use rhythm and repetition effectively, and to ask rhetorical questions in a way that attracts listeners' attention. He suggests using personal anecdotes to open a speech but warns against getting too personal. He dislikes flowery language. He preaches organization and believes in revising drafts until they are smooth and coherent. Still, anyone who has actually attempted to write a speech may feel that Safire hasn't shared the full story. Reading a piece of writing is easy; speaking that writing is *hard*.

—Elaine Margolin

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Parody

Palestinian officials are hoping to recover more than $1 billion that Yasser Arafat is believed to have diverted from Palestinian funds into secret accounts.

—News item

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Avoiding Breadlines for Flu Vaccines

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A recent *New York Times* article on the shortage of vaccines stated that "the heart of the problem, experts say, may be that no one person or agency is in charge of making sure the United States has an adequate vaccine supply." In fact, **the heart of the problem is too much centralized government control.**

No one person or agency is in charge of making sure the United States has an adequate supply of bread. Do you line up for hours for bread? No one is in charge of making sure we have an adequate supply of VCRs, TVs, or computers, yet anyone willing to pay the price can get one easily.

The reason markets work so well is precisely that no one is in charge. Instead, thousands of producers and millions of customers make decisions that mesh. If the price of bread is too low, for example, so that not everyone who wants bread at that price can get it, then producers and retailers raise the price of bread and producers make more bread at the higher price. Vaccines aren't special. It's true that flu vaccine not used this year must be thrown out. But bread not used *this week* must be thrown out, and there's no shortage of bread.

Indeed, the countries in the world that have done the worst are those in which one person or agency is in charge. In the Soviet Union, one agency was in charge of making sure people had an adequate supply of bread. The result was that breadlines were common. And lesser attempts at central planning, such as government-set price controls, have also caused shortages. Nixon's price controls on gasoline in 1973 and Carter's in 1979, for example, caused long lines for gasoline.

Similarly, price controls threaten the supply of vaccines. In 1993 Congress passed former first lady Hillary Clinton's Vaccines for Children program, under which the government now purchases more than half the national supply of children's vaccines at a forced 50 percent discount and then distributes it to doctors who administer it to the poor and uninsured—despite a General Accounting Office report at the time stating that "vaccines are already free" for the truly needy. **One result of price control programs and liability laws has been that the number of vaccine producers has fallen in thirty years from twenty-five down to five.** For some vaccines, there is only one producer.

Tommy Thompson, secretary of the United States Department of Health and Human Services, has urged state attorneys general to go after those who they think price influenza vaccines "too high." The vaccine business is already a high-risk one, due to a limited product shelf life, uncertain demand, and lawsuits. Do threats of price controls make being in the vaccine business *more* attractive?

The solution to our vaccine problems is not to put one agency in charge but, instead, to reduce the role of government so that the vaccine market acts more like the U.S. bread market and less like the Soviet one.

—David R. Henderson

David R. Henderson is a research fellow at the Hoover Institution and an economics professor at the Naval Postgraduate School.

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